# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1853


## NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

REPORTED BY WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

THE Nineteenth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held, according to appointment, in the Chinese Assembly Room, Broadway, New York, on Wednesday, May 11th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The room was densely crowded by a highly respectable and intelligent audience.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, who spoke as follows:

It is a common allegation, on the part of the enemies of emancipation, that the Abolitionists, by their efforts, have only made the condition of the slave population worse than it was before they commenced. It is said that we have put back the cause of emancipation a long distance, by being so injudicious, so rash and so violent in our course. The allegation is an ancient one, and is worth just as much now as it was when it was uttered in olden times. How much it was worth then, you shall hear. I will read the 5th chapter of Exodus in illustration:

And afterward Moses and Aaron went in, and told Pharaoh, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.

And Pharaoh said, who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.

And they said, The God of the Hebrews hath met with us: let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the desert, and sacrifice unto the Lord our God; lest he fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword.

And the king of Egypt said unto them, Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their works? get you unto your burdens.

And Pharaoh said, Behold, the people of the land now are many, and ye make them rest from their burdens.

And Pharaoh commanded the same day the taskmasters of the people, and their officers, saying,

Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves.

And the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish aught thereof: for they be idle; therefore they cry, saying, Let us go and sacrifice to our God.

Let there more work be laid upon the men, that they may labour therein: and let them not regard vain words.

And the taskmasters of the people went out, and their officers, and they spake to the people, saying, Thus saith Pharaoh, I will not give you straw.

Go ye, get you straw where ye can find it: yet not aught of your work shall be diminished.

So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt, to gather stubble instead of straw.

And the taskmasters hasted them, saying, Fulfil your works, your daily tasks, as when there was straw.

And the officers of the children of Israel, which Pharaoh's taskmasters had set over them, were beaten, and demanded, wherefore have ye not fulfilled your task in making brick, both yesterday and to-day, as heretofore?

Then the officers of the children of Israel came and cried unto Pharaoh, saying, Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants?

There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick: and behold, thy servants are beaten; but the fault is in thine own people.

But he said, Ye are idle, ye are idle: therefore ye say, Let us go, and do sacrifice to the Lord.

Go therefore now, and work: for there shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks.

And the officers of the children of Israel did see that they were in evil case, after it was said, Ye shall not minish aught from your bricks of your daily task.

And they met Moses and Aaron, who stood in the way, as they came forth from Pharaoh:

And they said unto them, The Lord look upon you, and judge: because ye have made our savour to be abhorred in the sight of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of his servants, to put a sword in their hand to slay us.

And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Lord wherefore hast thou so evil-entreated this people? why is it that thou hast sent me?

For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in thy name, he hath done evil to this people: neither hast thou delivered thy people at all.

Then the Lord said unto Moses, Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh: for with a strong hand shall he let them go, and with a strong hand shall he drive them out of his land.

And God spake unto Moses, and said unto him, I am the Lord:

And I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob by the name of God Almighty, but by my name JEHOVAH was I not known to them.

And I have also established my covenant with them, to give them the land of Canaan, the land of their pilgrimage, wherein they were strangers.

And I have also heard the groaning of the children of Israel, whom the Egyptians keep in bondage: and I have remembered my covenant.

Wherefore say unto the children of Israel, I am the Lord, and I will bring you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians, and I will rid you out of their bondage, and I will redeem you with a stretched-out arm, and with great judgments:

And I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God: and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God, which bringeth you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians.

An opportunity being then offered to any one who might feel moved in spirit to offer vocal prayer, prayer was offered by JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, a minister of the Society of Friends, from Chester County, Pa.

Mr. GARRISON, preliminary to the delivery of the regular addresses on this occasion, said: You will pardon the Chair for making a very few introductory remarks.

"By the help of God," said an apostle of old (as we now feel prepared to say), "by the help of God, we continue to this day." The Anti-Slavery cause, in spite of all the opposition which has been arrayed against it—in spite of "principalities, powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places"—in spite of governmental edicts and of lawless mobocracy—"STILL LIVES!" (applause)—and, by its own inherent vitality, by its own God-given immortality, it is destined to grow, and expand, and conquer, until all opposition shall be ground to powder, and the chain of every slave in the land shall be broken, and Heaven shall give unto us a glorious jubilee (applause). The American Anti-Slavery Society again takes its rightful position in New York among the benevolent anniversaries. For the last two years, we have been compelled, by the lawlessness which has pervaded this corrupt city, to shake off the dust of our feet upon it, and to go elsewhere, that we might be heard in behalf of the millions of our countrymen groaning in bondage. Rejected here, we were received joyfully and heartily by the noble people of Syracuse (applause); and the year afterwards, cordially received by the people of Rochester. But we did not go to Syracuse or to Rochester voluntarily. It was the only alternative presented. Whatever danger was to be found in this city, we were prepared to look it in the face; but we could not obtain a suitable place in which to hold our anniversary meeting, and so were compelled to go elsewhere. This, I humbly submit to the candid judgment of the world, was no discredit to the American Anti-Slavery Society, but it will ever redound to the shame and infamy of New York that we could not be permitted to be heard peaceably in a cause so God-like as that of human liberty (applause). And we stand now just where we stood before with the same cause, the same clients, only multiplied since we were here before to the formidable number of 200,000—with the same principles, the same doctrines, the same measures, the same designs, and the same glorious end in view. But where are those who said that we should not speak? Where, on an occasion like this, is the "Union Safety Committee" (laughter)? We find ourselves once more here—where they are, Heaven only knows (renewed laughter). We are here not to brow-beat nor to irritate, but with a serene and courageous front, knowing, as good old John Wesley said, that "the best of all is, God is with us," and that it is His cause which we have met here this day to advocate; therefore we have no reason to fear what man can do unto us.

Since we last came together in this city, many notable events have transpired in our country and in the world, bearing directly upon the great and all-absorbing question of American Slavery. The three great champions of the slave system have gone down to the dust; their bodies are in the tomb, and their spirits have gone to God, to give an account for the deeds done in the body. Where is John C. Calhoun? Where is Henry Clay? Where is Daniel Webster? All blotted out. Where is the Anti-Slavery cause to-day? In the ascendant, with the song of victory in its mouth (applause and a few hisses).

"Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their pomp departs, their wealth and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good."

Since we last met in this city, we have had the Baltimore platforms built and endorsed—rotten platforms, every timber of which cries out with crime and blood-guiltiness. The two great political parties have passed their "finality" resolutions—and what then?

"The King of France, with thirty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again" (laughter).

We have also had the Fugitive Slave Law passed since we came together—and what of that? Is the number of those who are trying to escape, and who are escaping, less than it was before? Why, as a specimen of what is transpiring around us, it was only yesterday that I read in the *Voice of the Fugitive*, a paper published in Canada, of the arrival of twenty-nine slaves in one lot, fresh from old Kentucky (applause). They crossed the river, singing a song of thanksgiving to God, and are now free men, free women, and free children; for there were the aged, the middle-aged, and little ones, of both sexes. The Fugitive Slave Law has shocked and horrified all Christendom; that has been the result of it. How has it been treated in the free States? You know what was done with it in Boston, in the case of Shadrach. The angel of the Lord interposed, and set him free, in spite of the edict. And though it is true that Thomas Sims was carried off from our city, it is not true that the Government seized him as a fugitive slave, or that the law was executed in the presence of the whole people, in broad daylight; for that unfortunate victim was arrested under Massachusetts law, as a Massachusetts man, as guilty of having committed a theft, and in that manner brought into the Court-house; and then the building was surrounded with chains, and he was put on trial as a fugitive slave. And when taken away, it was not done in the presence of the people, in broad daylight, as the Government proclaimed beforehand that it should be; but he was smuggled out of the city just as the moon went down, and just before the sun rose up. This was virtually the defeat of the Government; and the overthrow of the Fugitive Slave Law, in the old Bay State, forever (applause)!

You know what they did at Syracuse, in the case of Jerry. They said, "The law shall not be enforced, it is a lawless edict, an unconstitutional law, it is inhuman, unchristian, and God-defying; and, come what may, God helping us, it shall not be enforced, but Jerry shall go free." The word was spoken, and the deed was done (applause).

You remember how it was treated by the fugitives themselves, in the Christiana case, where the slave hunter was made to bite the dust. And so, everywhere, it is despised and contemned. To be sure, there have been some victims seized—some in this city (of course, in this city!)—seized under the law, and carried off into Slavery. But the number has been surprisingly few, and the law has worked mightily, under God, for the entire abolition of the slave system. Thus, as one of the results of the passage of that law, it gave us "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (applause). "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is making the tour of the world, and everybody is peeping into it, and crying out against the injustice of making man the property of man; and, as a first instalment of European moral and religious sentiment, we lately received in Boston a memorial to the people of this country against Slavery, with the signatures attached to it of more than half a million of the women of England (applause).

Finally, even in the very strongholds of slavery there is dismay—a manly and open confession of weakness, and that there is no support to be found for Slavery in any part of the world. I will give you a paragraph from the *Charleston Mercury*, the organ of the Slave Power of our country, in a pre-eminent sense.

"The institution of African Slavery is every day becoming more and more isolated, and by consequence the section in which it exists and to which it gives prosperity and peculiar characteristics [very peculiar] is being gradually removed from the pale of sympathy and social intimacy with the rest of the world. Everywhere Slavery is denounced and the slaveholder regarded as an inhuman tyrant. What will be the effect of this upon the permanency of the institution, and how should it dispose slaveholders to their outside enemies? The influence of Slavery in the national government ["he that hath ears let him hear"] has certainly been for a long time on the wane. The last eventful struggle is of yesterday, and the results forever condemned it to political inferiority. A wall has been built up around it and its vitality must henceforward increase rather by the perfection and energy of its own internal organization, than by the expansion of its domain."

Surely, this is cheering intelligence, and it it authentic, because it comes from an oracular source, and, of course, is only coerced by the necessity of the times in our favour. These are some of the cheering circumstances under which we are here assembled to-day. Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth (applause)!

Mr. GARRISON then introduced to the audience EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., of Massachusetts.

### SPEECH OF MR. QUINCY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In your introductory remarks, you stated a truth which is on the lips of all the American people, for all the American people are eminently a religious, a pious people. You said—what would seem to be axiomatic in the land—that that "our trust is in God." I apprehend that our presence here to-day and the whole history of the Anti-Slavery movement from the first moment that you commenced it, more than a score of years ago, are a proof of our trust in God. You, sir, have been called an infidel. The movement which you incarnate, that movement which is known throughout the length and breadth of this land, and indeed throughout the civilised world, by your name, is also branded as an infidel movement, as a movement which has no faith in God, no trust in His power and in His truth. Well, sir, I should like to know by what element of human nature, by which of the ordinary motives of human action, your conduct and our conduct can be explained, if we have not faith in God? Do you delight to be a mark for the finger of scorn to be pointed at? Do you delight in being called by the enemies, or by the pretended friends of the slave throughout the world, an infidel? Do you seek to be held up to public reprobation and scorn because you like it? Do the American Abolitionists delight to be in a minority? Is it the delight of the American people generally to be in a minority? Why, sir, if there is any one characteristic which distinguishes the American people from all the other nations of the earth—although it is merely an enlargement, a projection of a common trait of human nature—that characteristic is a delight to swim with the stream, to go with the multitude, whether to do evil or to do good—generally to do evil, but sometimes to do good. Are we, sir, exceptions to that general rule of human character? I apprehend not. I conceive that we have not stood up for twenty years in the face of the American people and given them the lie—that we have not stood up and denied their love of liberty, their faith in their own institutions, and their belief in the possibility of a genuine republic—that we have not stood up and denied the Christianity of the American Church—that we have not unchurched the Church, and excommunicated the State, merely because we liked to be pointed at, and to be hooted at, and to be hunted from one city to another, and, least of all, because we delighted in the tender mercies of Capt. Rynders. No, sir, I conceive that the whole key to the character of the Abolitionists was contained in that introductory sentence of your speech, that "our trust is in God and in truth," because we know and we believe that there is a higher law than any that Congress can enact (applause)—because we believe there is a Legislator who sits on a throne higher than that occupied by President Pierce (applause).

Why, what an extraordinary nation we are, Mr. President! We are surely "a great people," as we are fond of calling ourselves. We are not content with taking one-sixth part of the inhabitants of the land, degrading them into the rank of beasts that "lack discourse of reason," driving them to the field, taking away their young, denying to them all knowledge of God and of Christ, and of those truths which the American Church and the American people, as a great body, believe essential to salvation—we are not content with denying to one-sixth part of the inhabitants of the land the right to their own bodies, as well as wives, children and wages, and condemning them, the Church itself being witness, to everlasting tortures, by refusing them the knowledge essential to salvation—we are not content with all this, but we undertake to repeal the everlasting laws of God. In this remote corner of the universe, on this planet which forms but, as it were, the invisible dust of the vast creation, we pigmies and lilliputians, the tallest of us scarce six feet high, meet together by our representatives and repeal the laws of Him who sits upon the throne of the Universe, who first bowled these planets for His hand, who kindled the sun around which they revolve, and who powdered the firmament with myriads of other suns like ours. We meet together and repeal the laws of God! Will not He who sitteth in the heavens laugh? Doth He not hold such a people in derision?

But not only have our legislators repealed the law of God, but the vast body of the priests of God, the great mass of the Church and those who stand at its head, men who are recognised as the great leaders and lights of American Christianity, have endorsed these doctrines, have scouted and sneered at the idea that there can be any higher law than that which man can make. Literally, being done into English, being rendered into the vernacular, that is what they mean. Theodore Parker told us, last winter, in Boston, that he had collected one hundred and fifty sermons on the Fugitive Slave Law (death of Webster), only five or six of which, I believe, were against it. One hundred and forty out of one hundred and fifty took the ground that the laws men choose to make are obligatory, whether in conformity to the law of God or not.

Suppose a representative in Congress should rise and propose to repeal the law of gravitation; suppose Congress should pass a law, and it should be signed by the Speaker of the House, the President of the Senate, and approved by the President of the United States, decreeing that from and after the date of the passage of that act heavy bodies should no longer fall towards the centre of the earth, but fly off towards the sun; do you believe there is a politician, do you believe there is a priest in the land who, relying on that law, would leap from the top of Bunker Hill monument? (laughter and applause). Well, surely, men could as easily repeal the physical laws as the moral laws of God; and, in the eye of reason, of common sense, of religion, and in the eye of God, one is just as absurd as the other, only the one is more wicked and atrocious than the other, because it can and it does operate on human action and produce deplorable results.

I think, sir, that you, and I, and the rest of us, would not, humble as we are, have stood up before this American people and, in a moral sense, defied them, denied their creed, trampled their commandments under our feet, refused to acknowledge allegiance to those wicked laws which we believe to be contrary to the higher law of God, merely because we liked it; but we have done it because we thought it was our duty. It was the acquisition of the right of applying private judgment to public law that filled the sails of the Mayflower, and that sharpened the sword of the Revolution. Why did our fathers come to this land if not to achieve such a state of things? Surely, they were great fools, Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Rev. Dr. Spencer, Dr. Tyng, and no end to the Reverend Doctors of all sects, being witnesses—they were surely great fools to leave their comfortable parsonages, and farm-houses, and trades, and commit themselves to the stormy ocean, and plant themselves on an inhospitable coast, when they might just as well have staid at home. Why, what fanatics they were! They only had to conform to the laws of the land! They only had to acknowledge the bishops and the supremacy of the king! There was no occasion for their encountering all the perils of the Star Chamber and Court of High Commission! Multitudes of people lived very comfortably indeed at home—lived there and conformed, obeyed the laws of the land, submitted to orders in council, submitted to the acts of Parliament requiring conformity. They lived very comfortably and pleasantly, just exactly as we are now told by the priests and politicians that we might do, merely submitting patiently and quietly to the laws of the land, and carrying them out as they were intended. But that was not the spirit of the men of those days. They were *protestants*. Reformers in all ages have been *protestants*. They have *protested* against the evil which they saw around them. The flight to Plymouth was a *protest*. It was a *protest* of men who had resisted as long as they could at home, who had applied all the tests of conscience to human law, and, having carried their resistance to the utmost extent that was practicable, they then sought refuge in flight, in an honourable retreat, and planted their institutions here, little thinking what was to be the fruit of those institutions in the course of a little more than two centuries—little dreaming that there was to be a worse than the Star Chamber, a worse than the Court of High Commission to be established in this land, to take cognisance of men's consciences—that there was to be a Procrustean bed established by law, according to which men's consciences were to be measured, to be stretched out or to be cut short according as the occasion might require.

Sir, we take counsel of Plymouth; we take counsel of the whole colonial history, which was one succession of resistance to arbitrary power and attempts to secure the control of their own happiness and destiny in their own hands. The revolution begun long before Lexington and Bunker Hill. It dates back previous to the emigration—to the days when the English reformers began to reform the reformation—when they found that in England the reformation had merely transferred the power of the Pope into the hands of the King. It was in these old times that the American revolution begun. It sprung from the principle of the right of private judgment applied not only to Scripture, but to law—the right of every man to judge whether a law made by man was in conformity with the law of God, and to obey it or not, taking the consequences, either quietly, if he could not help himself, or resisting it if he could. That was the old principle from which the revolution sprung; yes, sir, and that is the principle from which the complement of the revolution sprung—I mean the Anti-Slavery movement (applause); that movement which, if it fail, the revolution was indeed a failure. The American revolution was indeed a failure if this Anti-Slavery movement do not march on to a triumphant success and deliver this country from that base, that despicable aristocracy which now lordeth it over us, an aristocracy whose heraldic emblems are not the sword, not the helmet, not those marks by which the aristocracy of the old world carries back the imagination to mediæval times and to the deeds of great ancestors, but whose heraldic emblems are the scourge, the branding iron, the manacle. This aristocracy, numbering not more than 120,000, excluding women and children, and not probably more than 75,000, including merely the actual voters, governs with absolute sway nearly twenty-four millions of souls; and yet we have had the impudence to stand up before the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of France, and the other despots of the old world, and say, "stand off, we are holier than you" (applause).

For my part, Mr. President, I do not know whether I am a good republican or not. I believe in the power of the people to govern themselves. I believe the people are as competent to govern themselves as any of those persons who, Thomas Jefferson said, were born "booted and spurred to ride the rest of mankind." But I protest that if the Anti-Slavery movement fail, and if I and my children are to the end of time to be serfs and thralls of this insignificant, contemptible, base, dirty aristocracy of whips and chains (applause), I cannot but regard the American revolution as a failure, and think that it would have been vastly better for us to have remained under the control of Great Britian to this day. For if we must be governed by an aristocracy, I prefer an aristocracy of some eight hundred thousand (a constituency) to one of seventy-five thousand; and if we must have an hereditary aristocracy, I prefer one of *gentlemen* to govern me (laughter and applause). I do not like the people that govern me; I do not like an aristocracy resting on ownership of human beings, a kind of oligarchy which our institutions have made. It is a species of vermin which I think ought to be exterminated—not by the halter, not by the guillotine, not by the cane-knife sharpened to a point, not by insurrection, not by invasion, but by the bringing to bear upon it of such a force of public sentiment that it can exist no longer (applause), that will cause it to abdicate, resign, throw up its prerogatives, raise its slaves to a political equality with itself, and condescend itself to a political equality with ourselves.

That is what we are trying to bring about. That is the object of the Anti-Slavery movement. And how do we propose to do it? By changing the opinions of the American people and the world at large. Whence come institutions? Jesus Christ spoke a great truth when he said "the kingdom of God is within you." So is the kingdom of men within you. What are institutions but the projections of ideas? All institutions are but projections of ideas existing in the minds of men. What is Slavery? It is the shadow which the selfishness of the American people casts. Change the substance and the shadow will disappear. Why does Slavery exist in this country? Because the American people choose to have it so; because they like it; because they think that on the whole it is for their profit and advantage; because they do not think there is any great harm in it; because the best of them suppose that on the whole the evils and inconvenience that would follow from immediate emancipation would overbalance the advantages. Now, we know how sophistical and absurd all these ideas are. What we wish to do is, to change these ideas. And do you think that when the American people are determined to be rid of Slavery they will retain it? Do you think it will exist a day after the American people have fully made up their minds that it is not for their advantage, or that in some way or other they will be better off without it? I tell you, you don't know the American people as well as I do if you think they will let it remain. The instant the American mind is fully permeated with Anti-Slavery truth, Slavery will vanish like an exhalation of the morning. That is our aim; that is the end of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is to apply the light of truth to the human mind; to change the ideas of men; to convert pro-slavery men and women into Anti-Slavery men and women; to make those who care nothing about it, see that they have something to do with it—that it is something which affects them, and that they have a work to do. And as soon as we have created this public sentiment in this country, as soon as it is aroused (as it now seems to be arousing) in this country, as well as in other portions of the civilised world (and barbarous portions, too), when this circle of fire which is already kindled shall burn fiercer and brighter, and shall be drawn closer and closer around the scorpion of Slavery, finding it can no longer live, it will, by a glorious and illustrious suicide, drive its sting into its own brains, and curse the world no more (great applause).

THE PRESIDENT—Our friend, Mr. Quincy, has stated, that Theodore Parker had said, that he had collected one hundred and fifty sermons in favour of the Fugitive Slave Law, only some half dozen of which took ground against it. I think the remark of Mr. Parker was not directly in reference to the Fugitive Slave Law, but to the death of Daniel Webster; and that out of that number of sermons that had been delivered, nearly all were in eulogy of Mr. Webster. The error on the part of our friend was merely technical—Daniel Webster having been the Fugitive Slave Law incarnate, and a little more—if possible.

In 1840, the American Anti-Slavery Society (and the fact will read strangely, as long as the remembrance of the Society shall be cherished) was broken asunder, and a large secession was made from it on this single issue, because a female member of the Society was placed on one of its Committees. It was deemed to be so improper, so outrageous, and so unscriptural as to warrant the formation of a new and hostile organisation. Now, this Society has always recognised the right of any of its members, of whatever sex or complexion, to open his or her lips for those in bonds.

"Shall we behold, unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crushed?
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hushed?" (Applause.)

If any woman desires to plead the cause of the enslaved, we bid her God-speed, and desire to hear what she may have to say. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Miss Lucy Stone, of Massachusetts (great applause).

### SPEECH OF MISS LUCY STONE.

To my mind it does not need the poet's utterance to give woman a claim to speak on an Anti-Slavery platform, while there are "Caseys" scattered by thousands all over this broad land; for, so long as their wail comes to the ear of woman, how is it possible for her to keep silent? Whether we find in the pen of the poet or any other source an endorsement of our claim, we think we have a sufficient endorsement in the great promptings of our own nature, which we cannot, if we would, hush.

The Anti-Slavery Anniversary, as it recurs year by year, brings to those who are engaged or interested in it a survey of what has come to give us cheer in the year that is gone, and also what has come to show us the strength and purpose of the slave power. Within the last year much to make the heart beat with highest hope has come clustering in the way of the Abolitionists. We have had new voices speaking, and fresh and friendly hearts beating. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," strong and true, has gone the length and breadth of the world, winning hearts that did not before feel one throb of pity, calling forth deep gushings of sympathy that we hope will never die out. Other causes of rejoicing have come to us, but I purpose rather, in the brief space of time I occupy, to look at some of the manifestations of pro-slavery. And I will not make an apology for speaking of political parties from the fact that I am a woman. I need to make no apology. I believe in the political right of everybody, man or woman, not only to think, but to speak on this question. If a political party puts itself in the way of the slave, then let anybody and everybody, disfranchised or not, speak in rebuke of what is done.

Our Chairman remarked, that since our last anniversary the Baltimore platforms had been put forth. Yes, and not only put forth, but they have been adopted too. When the Democratic Convention at Baltimore had written out its creed—a creed so infamous that I never attempt to describe it, for I have no language that is adequate—when it had put forth the platform, pledging itself plainly and unmistakably to return the fugitive slave, and when Franklin Pierce, in accepting the nomination, said, "I accept it, not because you expect it from me, but because it harmonizes with my convictions," and when he had pointed to his career in Congress, glorifying in deeds that ought to have been his shame, to prove that his sentiments were in harmony with that platform, then the people rose up like a cloud over the length and breadth of the land, and gave their suffrage to that man and for that party, knowing well that he was pledged to the cause of the slaveholder, and knowing well what Slavery is. The people who are not chattels, into whose souls the iron of Slavery has not pierced, knew, as far as language can speak it, what Slavery is; and those who acted with the political parties knew it. And yet, with their eyes wide open, they went and pledged themselves to return the panting fugitive.

In that month of June, when the Convention met, there was fleeing from the Republic so named, and a 'model Republic' too, a mother and her little child, a babe sleeping in her bosom. As she passed across the State of Indiana, having got half-way through it, she dreamed that, having passed so far from the line that divides the non-slaveholding from the slaveholding States, it might do for a woman, seeking her liberty and the liberty of her little one, to walk at mid-day; and so, with the sun above and the green earth under her feet, she went on, hoping that she was safe. At mid-day she was startled by the loud cry of the kidnapper behind her, demanding that she should stop, and, if she did not, threatening that she should be shot on the instant. That mother, instead of pausing at the bidding of those who were pursuing her in harmony with the fugitive slave law, in harmony with the platform of the Democratic party, in harmony with the convictions of Franklin Pierce, took her babe from her bosom, placed it on her shoulders, and as she grasped its little hands in hers she ran with all the speed that fear could lend to her feet. The kidnapper, who cared not whether they brought her back dead or alive, drew his pistol and shot as deliberately as though the game before him had been a deer. Aye, it was *dear*, in more senses than one. He fired, the ball went through the head of that infant and through the ear of its mother, leaving the scattered brains and blood upon the cheeks of that mother, who, when she perceived that the little one had found its freedom with God, let go her grasp of its hands, not to stop as you, mothers, when your little ones die, to dress their bodies neatly for the grave, to lay them where you can plant flowers and go to weep over the treasure of the love they gave you—not to stop, I say, but, leaving it all unburied on the plains of Indiana, that mother fled for liberty dearer than her life—and found it, thank God, on the shores of Canada (applause); no thanks to the Baltimore platform for it (applause).

Such facts were being written in letters of blood all over this Union, and the Democratic party knew it. They knew what was the root of the evil. They knew what it was that caused helpless mothers to flee out of this Union. They knew it all; and yet Franklin Pierce and his party said, "the fugitive slave law shall be sustained, and we will resist all agitation on the subject." They virtually declared, "no man or woman, or child, shall open the lip against it; they shall be dumb; the heart shall cease to beat, and the infernal system shall be allowed to continue." And when the people knew that such deeds were constantly being done, not the less did they rush to ratify and endorse what their leaders had done. The voters of New York City rushed to the polls and cast their ballots for Franklin Pierce by an overwhelming majority.

Men, fathers, Democrats! how could you do it? You, who are proud to take your own little boys and girls on your knees, and know that you are backed and protected by law which is strong enough to guard you in any emergency, when you knew that millions of fathers and mothers who have no protection are hunted like partridges on the mountain, how could you do it? How could you go and give your suffrages for candidates that pledged themselves that every such father's heart should bleed and every such mother should have her soul wrung with intense anguish? How could you do it? You know why you did it; I know why you did it. Will not your children's children find their cheeks tingling with shame at the remembrance of the deeds their fathers have done? (applause).

The Whig party did just what the Democratic party did. They had a platform just like the Democrats.' Nobody knew which belonged to which, they were so alike in spirit. The Whigs, what there were of them, and General Scott, freely gave their adherence to the platform, and all went as far as they were able to accomplish the same infamous purpose that the Democratic party accomplished. Not coming into power, the Whig party escaped the necessity of being used as the tool of the slave power to do whatever it was bid. The Whig party was not ignorant, any more than the Democratic party, of what slaveholding was and is.

A slave fugitive father and mother, with their two children, came to the Ohio river last summer. It was during the very time of the campaign. The father and mother had borne in their own persons all the cruelties that Slavery inflicts. They had endured, and perhaps would have continued to endure, its inflictions, had there not woke up in their souls a new born love of the little ones as they looked with mournful forebodings over the future of those children. They saw that there was not a single ray of sunlight to gladden that future. They looked upon that future, not as you look on the future of your children, knowing that some place of usefulness, of honour or of profit, may be theirs. To that slave father and mother the future was one pit of blackness. There was no school house for their children. Into the very presence chamber of the Eternal they would be obliged to go without a single ray of light to guide them there. With their children they attempted to make their escape from your model Republic. They came trembling down the Ohio bank, on the northern side. A man with tones of kindness told them if they were fugitives they need not tremble so. They were on the soil of Ohio, and God's clear sunlight was looking down upon them, and yet they trembled, guilty of no crime, charged with none, unless it be a crime that there swells in the human soul that love of liberty that neither waters nor floods can quench (applause). The man said, "you need not tremble so; if you want to hide, here is an old boat under which you can go." The father and mother and little ones went and hid themselves under that boat till the sun should go down and the North Star come out. Very soon after they were concealed, a man who, in mockery of his Maker, claimed ownership in the body and soul of his brother man, came. The villain that told them where to hide had told the owner where they were hidden. He came, uplifted the boat, revealed the poor victims trembling before his gaze, and demanded their surrender. That father came out of his hiding place and did as most of you would have done. He put his wife behind him and one little one, and taking the other on his arm, with his other hand he fought with all the desperation that a man could command, knowing that on the issues of that hour were hung not merely life to him and to his, but *liberty* and life. He drove back his assailants. The men went over the river, procured helpers, and, with bowie-knives and pistols in their hands, they came back and attacked him, still standing with his babe in his arms. The pistol-shots riddled the body of that father and his child, till they were literally a clot of gore. The father fell exhausted by loss of blood, the man-hunters pounced upon him and his, and while we are here in the city of New York speaking for outraged humanity, the poor man is where no tongue can speak in his defence. While this very deed was being done, and thousands like it, the Whig and Democratic parties were going up and down the length of the land, urging everybody—except women (laughter)—to give their votes for men who were pledged that just such deeds as that should be done and be done perpetually, and that we should not have Ohio, Indiana, nor one single State where a slave father or slave mother can stand and take their children by the hand and say, "they are mine." And when the leaders of the Whig and Democratic parties were saying that, the men of the party were assenting and giving their sanction to platforms that they knew were ready to bind hand and foot and bury in eternal night the last spark of liberty that should glow in the soul of any slave, and not only that, but to gag the mouths of any who dared to speak a word for down-trodden humanity, if they could hinder it. Thank God, they could not.

And while the political parties were doing this, the church was lending itself an ally to the parties all over the land. In my own State of Massachusetts, the Congregational ministers met in that very month of June. Oh! how many deeds of infamy were committed in that month of June! The ministers of all the Congregational churches in Massachusetts met in Association at Lowell, and there came up to that body a man who had just returned from the meeting of the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church at Charleston, South Carolina. They had met where before them and all around them was to be heard the sound of the slave whip, and where were to be seen the auction-block and the slave-pen. They had sat there to talk about what? Those who help God's poor and op-

pressed? About imitating Him who came "to preach deliverance to the captive?" No. They sat there to talk about "church extension." The slave-gang marched before their face, and they had no protest; and when they at last adjourned, they appointed as a delegate to go and attend the Association of Congregational ministers of Massachusetts, the Rev. Mr. Fitch. The ministers of Massachusetts, from Barnstable to Berkshire, met in Lowell; all the Associations were represented, and when they came to have their communion, according to their custom—when they spread their table and put on it the bread and wine to commemorate the death of Him who came to "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free," and when they wanted some one to assist at the breaking of the bread and pouring of the wine, they chose this very delegate who had come with his lips all gory from that communion with slaveholders. And there he stood among the ministers, and performed his part, and there was not a clergyman there at that meeting who made any protest. And when I read in the *Congregationalist* the account of their meeting, I hoped to find in some part of it a protest; but there was none. And then I listened to Massachusetts pulpits to hear if there should not come from some one of them some earnest condemnation of his Christian character, or the Christian character of those who came from that union with slaveholders, but listened in vain. And as we stood back looking at that sacrament with horror, and asked "Just God and holy, are *these* they who minister at *thine* altar—is this *thy* church which lends strength to the spoiler?" as we beheld them joining hands with each other and with religionists all over the country, and asked if this could be the church of God, they said, "You are infidels." But I can say to them as Sallie Holley said—"let them call us infidels, if they please; but oh! don't let them call *themselves* Christians" (applause).

There is not time to look over the religious phase of what has come to us the past year. The support of slaveholding has been so open that none of you can fail to see it. But while the Church and the Government take hold of hands with each other, and only here and there a pulpit remembers the slave, not the less shall we remember him. Let them brand us as infidels, if they please; we can afford to hear it. The works that we do bear witness of us, and, without abating one jot of our hope, we take hold on one side of the hand of Him from whom the Higher Law comes, and on the other the hand of the slave, and we shall not let go the one or the other (great applause). It does not matter to us if we are driven from one city and find no refuge in another. We will still find human hearts to which we can speak, and hearts that can feel. We will sit down by the mother in her little country home, and, while she holds her infant in her lap, we will wake up in her soul a sympathy for the mother whose baby is not hers. And when the father who lives back in the woods looks proudly upon his daughter, we will tell him of the father who cannot take care of or protect his daughter, and we will soder anew the link in that father's heart which binds him to every other father, and his arm shall be moved to be a co-worker with us in this cause which needs the consecrated energies of every son of Adam.

Lamartine said of Wilberforce, that "he went up to the throne of God with millions of broken fetters in his hands as evidence of a life well spent" (applause). If we would give evidence of a life well spent, if we would be sure to do those things that will commend us to Him who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," let it be our business to take in our hands the broken fetters, and stand in the great day along side of the slave, before our common Father, and let him bear testimony there, that to our faithful efforts was due the loosening of the fetters from his limbs and from his spirit too (great applause).

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SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I can say, with the utmost sincerity, that, so far as the simple Anti-Slavery question is concerned, there can be no necessity that we should detain this audience at all. I can add nothing either to the testimony or pathos with which you have been addressed. I begin to think it almost a waste of time to spread either facts or arguments before an enlightened American audience on the subject of Slavery in this 22d year of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. But at the same time, Mr. President, the motto of our organ in this city is "Without concealment, without compromise," and you all know, as indeed the earliest speakers this morning have shown, that there is, in the peculiar type of Anti-Slavery which this meeting represents, a motto and a principle from which not only the great majority of the country, but the great majority of the Anti-Slavery men stand aloof.

I read with pleasure, with more than pleasure, with a thrill of delight which words cannot describe, some of the speeches with which our excellent, faithful and eloquent friend, Mr. Hale, was received at the public dinner in Boston (applause); and at the same time it seems to me fit that the tone with which that meeting addresses the American people should be distinctly different from the tone with which we address it. They have, as they think, a brighter picture to paint. They are happier than we are, in this, that they can read the history of their country with pleasure, and can join in the usual adjectives and epithets of praise with which the great, heroic names of the country are received: we cannot. They can call this a "glorious Union." May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth before the son of any American mother, worthy of an American child, calls the Union which this speaker [pointing to Miss Stone] has just described, where a mother drops her murdered infant behind her to be safe, a 'glorious Union' (applause).

Two adjectives distinguish us and that class of Anti-Slavery men who met in Boston, who stand in the Senate of the United States, and who serve the cause of the slave at the Tabernacle to-night. With them the Union is glorious; with us it is accursed. With them the character of Washington is heroic. They love to speak of the beautiful symmetry of its proportions. With me, I dare not thank God who gave him to us when I know that behind the sacredness of his example thousands of "Legrees" are hidden from the indignation of Christendom and this Republic (applause and hisses—loud applause). Do you suppose that the class of brutal slaveholders to whom Mrs. Stowe has given a generic name could ever have sustained Slavery in this country to the year 1853? Do you suppose that profligate priests like Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, could drag Slavery behind the altar, if it had not been sheltered under the magnificent reputation of Washington? No; it would have died, a hissing and a bye-word, sixty-years ago. But now, alas! it finds a Gardiner Spring to dread his own prayers, lest he bring down upon himself the horrible result of emancipation (applause). It is the good men of the country, it is the great men of history, it is the men who have in some sort a Christian character to boast, that are the guilty men in this great national iniquity. What are we that we should go down and grope in the brutal wickedness of the plantation to find the defenders of a system like this? Shall it be said of the American people that they could listen to the lips of such men for arguments in behalf of such a system of human wickedness as that of American Slavery? Oh, no. It is because Americans dare not call things by their right names—it is because we refuse to tear off these folds of acceptable and agreeable self-devotion—it is because we like the great names of the present and the past—it is because we spread a mist of beauty around the Union, praise it, and worship the idol that we have made, that Slavery is so strong as it is. Now, the mission of the Anti-Slavery cause, at least that portion of it with which we are identified, is, to tear off from this subject, in all its relations, the disguises of honied words and of agreeable self-adulation which the nation itself and its leaders have wrapped around it. It is an endeavour to awaken Americans to their own true position. Our words must seem harsh—of course they must—because they grate upon ears that have been listening only to priests that prophesy smooth things, and to politicians that would fain make their way with the multitude.

Our friends at at a little distance and in Boston tell you that the Union must be preserved. It is organic, autochthonic; it is a part of the soul; it is a part of the blood; it is not to be spoken of; it is not to be debated; much less is it to be abjured. Now, what is it? What has it done for us? I do not deny that it has some merits. He would be a blind man that did. But Nero had his merits. On his tomb was found, within a few months after his death, a rosebush planted by some Roman to whom his life had not been unmitigated tyranny, and who could perhaps recall some hour when even Nero made the burden of life lighter to a fellow-creature. And so, for aught I know—yes, I do know—there are some benefits connected with the Union. But the highest privilege I know of is that of free speech (applause). Is there a man here that knows a better?—to think what you please in obedience to conscience, and to be able to speak it? That is the best government in the world where a man can think noble thoughts, and act them, and not at the cost of martyrdom. Is that our country? The clergyman, with only here and there an exception (pointing to H. W. Beecher—applause), if he speaks freely, speaks himself out of his pulpit. Free speech in all professions is martyrdom here. The press, that lives on the public voice and reflects it—what is it? Pro-slavery. Why? Because to be otherwise is to be poor; because to be otherwise is to sacrifice everything that common men deem a blessing. Free speech for the priest, for the lawyer, for the statesman, for the merchant, and for the editor, is to be bought only in this nation of yours at the price of martyrdom. I have been labouring for some six or eight months up in the country districts of New York and Massachusetts. I tell you, Mr. President, it is with pain that I have asked the tenants of those country pulpits to preach an Anti-Slavery sermon. I could not sit down at their tables, as I have done, with their children, without knowing, from the very tone of public sentiment in their villages, that if they obeyed me, they obeyed me only at the sacrifice of the bread of their children and the house under which they slept (applause). Slavery is planted in South Carolina. Yes, and it gags the otherwise very free lips of the Berkshire and Vermont pulpits, and that is your "glorious Union!" You have sent the representatives of your religion to London from the May anniversaries of this city. They go to the June anniversaries of London. They will be hissed there, and that is your religion. Why, we have to bear our very Christianity with a BUT. There is an *American* religion. It differs from the Christian. Charles Sumner says, "Slavery is local, Freedom national." Well, our Christianity is national—not for the world, geographically, not for all climes. Our Christ died for the whites. The Swiss walks up and down his valleys and dare not speak above a whisper for fear he brings down the avalanche that hangs on either side over his head; and in this "glorious Union" of yours, clergymen in New York pulpits, and politicians at Baltimore, tell you to walk softly and read the Sermon on the Mount in a whisper, lest it bring the whole Union down on your heads (applause). That is a "glorious Union"—autocthnioc, part of the blood! We cannot reprint an English book without expurgating it. That is your Literature. Your American Bible Society dare not offer a Bible in this very country to a man who has a drop of black blood in his veins. It is a "glorious Union!" Your Sunday School Union or Tract Society dare not publish a tract with Anti-Slavery in it, for fear of its Southern supporters. It is a "glorious Union!" Thomas Jefferson, they used to say, was an infidel. He took the New Testament and cut out those portions that displeased him, and called the rest *his* Testament. They told it in all the "federal" pulpits of New England, and men's blood grew cold at the blasphemy. But we blot out half the Bible to suit a hundred thousand men south of Mason and Dixon's line, and he is an "infidel" who objects (hear, hear). That is your "glorious Union!" Men walk about and dare not tell their names; dare to travel only at midnight; to give a fellow-being a crust of bread or a drop of water (witness Thomas Garrett), it shall make you a poor man, a bankrupt. That is your "glorious Union!"

Perhaps *they* are right in saying it is a "glorious Union." The man that stands under the shadow of the Union, whose right hand holds an oath to support it, who is taking office under it, who is part and parcel of it, is bound to that oath and to the establishment; but we wash our hands of it. We stand outside of it. The only platform that we think it decent to stand upon is this; and this is our religion: where there is "neither male nor female" (pointing to Lucy Stone), where there is neither African nor Saxon (pointing to the coloured men), where there is neither "bond nor free" (great applause), where, spite of all human laws, all necessities, we will yield obedience to the laws of God. Perhaps the Fugitive Slave Law was necessary. Necessity, the tyrant's plea, excused the devilish law. Perhaps it was necessary. My friend Garrison thinks it has not succeeded. It has. There is a sense in which it has not succeeded, it is true. It has not kept the slave on the plantation. Nor has it taken up the rails of the under-ground railroad (applause). It has not crushed the glorious inconsistency of the Free Soil party, which holds up its right hand to swear support to the Constitution, and with its left holds a pistol to shield the slave. It has not done either of these things, but it has done this: it has carried terror into five hundred houses in the city of Boston, where from twenty to twenty-five years have dwelt in safety many a fugitive from the dark and wicked institution. It has separated parent and child, husband and wife, perhaps never to meet again. It has sent abroad over the inhospitable wilds of Canada, by thousands, men that were living in peace, and with successful industry, in our cities and villages. We sent off three hundred men, within six months, from the City of Boston. A law is not to be tested by the number of those arrested under it. It is to be tested by the number of those whose lives have been wrecked by it without the knowledge of the courts. The Fugitive Slave Law in some sense has succeeded, for it has crushed in many a pulpit a rising sense of Anti-Slavery responsibility, and brought it again in subjection to a lower law. It has not been met as it should have been, with a radical discussion of the duty of the citizen to wicked laws and to a Union which binds them up as an integral part of itself. The Fugitive Slave Law is no occasional, no temporary expedient It is the foundation corner of this Union. When we would picture the Italian, how do we paint him? With his outline of severe classic beauty, and girdled about by the remnants of the classic ages. And the German comes to our minds poring with his large glasses, with life-long patience, over the manuscripts of past literature. And the Frenchman, struggling with a mad, reckless enthusiasm for rights that he can neither use nor understand. And England, the glorious child and first born son of Freedom, every one of the giant steps of whose progress marks an age—England comes to us in the name of Hampden and Sydney (applause). And when a European, either with his pencil or his pen, would picture an American, how does he do it? He paints him with a slave kneeling on one side of him, and a slave-whip in his right hand.

They sell a little image of us in the markets of Mexico with a bowie-knife in one side of the girdle and a Colt's revolver in the other, a huge loaf of bread in the left hand and a slave-whip in the right. That is America! All over the wide world, there is no other coat of arms nor emblem for this "glorious nation" of yours except a slave-whip. Does it do us any injustice? You respect your country. Which of the last eight Presidents do you respect, and to which of them can you point, among the world's statesmen, and thank God that, either by the means by which they gained office or by the fruits which they bore when in it, you are willing that this country shall be proud? Open with me the records of Diplomacy; what are they? At the Court of Spain, in France, at St. James's, nothing but efforts, two-thirds of them, about slaves! What is your whole history since 1820? An attempt to bulwark the slave system. What is our religious, our civil, our literary history? We have but one great State paper; it is the Declaration of Independence; and in two-thirds of the country it is voted fustian. We have but one book in the literary world—we never wrote one before—it is "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (applause); and in every conservative newspaper, in every "respectable" pulpit, it is voted a libel. That is your Union (a hiss). I do not misrepresent. There is many a man that weeps over "Uncle Tom" who votes the Whig or the Democratic ticket. There is many a man that weeps over "Uncle Tom" and swears by the *New York Herald* (laughter and applause). Claim no merit, beastly devotee of a mean and wicked despotism, that you have got a remnant of your mother's heart yet, and can cry over "Uncle Tom" (applause). An old Abolitionist used to say, twenty years ago, that it did not require a Christian to abolish Slavery; a tiger could do it, if he were a decent tiger (laughter). So I would say of men who weep over "Uncle Tom," it does not require an Abolitionist to do it. A man in whom the slightest drop of his mother's milk is left can do that.

But you know, and I know, that the energetic mind of this country is not in the pulpit. The governing mind of this country is not in the pulpit. Nor is it in the Editor's chair. It is in the counting-house. The energy, the ability of this young, growing, enterprising twenty million nation is in the counting-house. We are a mercantile people, and that, by the wealth and splendour of the prizes in its lottery, by the vastness of its plans, by the depth to which a keen analysis makes it necessary to go, by the capability which it creates for the possessor of wealth, in a country where not to be rich is only stoned for by the effort to become so. I say the counting-house is the great, the strongest, the most respectable representative of the real intellect of the American. When men say to me, we have not given the world a literature, it is true in a certain sense; but we have subdued an empire; if we know not how to play on the flute, we can say with Pericles, we know how to make the wilderness blossom into an empire. And that is the peculiar merit of the American people. Now, these merchant princes of ours all over the country, are they Anti-Slavery? Do they report progress on "Uncle Tom"? Do they stand by the side of the Anti-Slavery question? Merchant princes, pedlers, who sell their principles before they sell their goods (applause); and worse than that, who do not stop to sell their principles, but are willing to throw them in to make a bargain for their goods! (great applause)

I have not misinterpreted this country. It seems to me I have not done so. Daniel Webster used to say that we owed our commerce to the Union. Do we? Long before the Union existed, Edmund Burke could say of New England commerce, that it had "tempted every clime and vexed every sea." Men say we owe the manufacturing interest to the Union—the busy hum of New England and of New York industry. Do we? What do we owe to that weather-cock tariff by which the South has endeavoured to crush or arrest the manufacturing interest at her pleasure for thirty years? Do we owe our agriculture to the Union, when the slaveholder's beastly foot has trod it out so often as a sacrifice to some favourite policy of his? No; we should have been a commercial, a manufacturing, an agricultural people without the Union. We owe nothing to this Union of these great blessings. We could have had them all by the aid of the strong hands, good hearts and noble intellects with which God has gifted us, without the Union. It hovers over us with nothing but curses on its wings (applause and hisses).

Well, now, let me tell you why I think so. I do not really, to speak the candid truth, look upon this question as one of argument. We come up here, in these anniversary hours, short and brief as they are, to speak a word, and, like the old Pythagorean sentence, it may not be understood or it may. It is a testimony—nothing more. We go into the battle as the Norman went with his leopard, the Bourbon with his *fleur de lis*, and the other great nations with their shields and coats of arms; we go amid their Bible piety, in the May week, and we write often on your walls the old motto—"Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation on the soil, to be sought only by the re-organization of the Church and the disunion of the State," and then we go away, and that is enough. We have borne our testimony; time will bring its fruits. I do not know, therefore, that I feel bound to give you any argument. But let me reason a moment. You think I am a fanatic to-day. You think I am talking wildly and insanely. What is Slavery? We come here to discuss what Slavery is, and how it is supported. Some men think it is supported by the New Testament and the pulpit. Nonsense. Dr. Spring will pray readily enough for its extinction the moment it becomes a losing concern (applause and hisses). Do you suppose one single Mississippi sugar planter will keep his slaves on the plantation when he loses money by them, in order to gratify Moses Stuart's exposition of the New Testament? (laughter). When the Kentucky slaveholders, the Clays, the Wickliffes, and the Breckenridges, find out that, instead of making them feudal barons of the state, Slavery is driving them from office and keeping them from honour, do you suppose they will keep it going in order to gratify the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions? (laughter) Find me the balance on the wrong side of the ledger, and I will find you scores of Doctors of Divinity to maintain that Onesimus was not a slave (laughter). No; the noblest sentence in our literature, I had almost said, is that of Patrick Henry—"It is a duty which we owe to the purity of our religion to show that it does sanction Slavery." It is a duty which we owe to Christianity to show that this American religion, whose professors cannot go from the platform of your Anniversary and appear with honour on the June platform of London unless they have a change of heart in the interval (laughter)—it is our duty to show that this is not Christianity, and that the Christianity which the Puritans left us, which Winthrop, and Edwards, and Hopkins, and Channing have bequeathed to us is a Christianity which does not veil its Christ before a hundred thousand aristocrats, nor two thousand millions of dollars, but which can originate and sustain an Anti-Slavery cause, even though men go to their graves stamped as "infidels," and although a nation dies in the struggle—which can originate and sustain a cause which thinks Right of more importance than any necessity, however great.

Why, all our discussion on the Fugitive Slave Law was a disgrace to our Christianity, to our Christian teachers, to the mere learning, if nothing more, of the country. The Rev. Dr. Rogers, of my own State (Mass) published a sermon in which he told us it was our duty to obey the Fugitive Slave Law, right or wrong, and that in so doing we should follow in the steps of the first centuries of Christianity. And when you open the book that records that history, you find that the first Divine Master died on the cross, and eleven of his twelve disciples died violent deaths—according to Mr. Rogers—*from obedience to the laws!* Rome is hollowed out, undermined, by catecombs where rests the dust of Christians who were denied burial above ground—according to Dr. Rogers—*for obeying the laws.* The tyrant took the Christians and put them up in his theatre, poured pitch over them, and set them on fire—*because they were over-scrupulous to obey all his laws!* And you may ride out on the Appian and other ways that run out from Rome like the rays from a star, and history will tell you that, for miles on either side of them, eighteen centuries ago stood numberless crosses, and on each cross hung a Christian, who, according to Dr. Rogers, knew no higher law than that of Tiberius and Domitian! And this is Christian learning in the city of Boston in the 19th century, in the Republic of America! And this is the "glorious Union" that has put that voice into the lips of Dr. Rogers.

But I was going to take a single moment to say why I dislike the Union. The reason is this: Because Slavery could not stand an hour without the Union; the slave master could not keep his slaves without the guaranty of the Union against insurrection and against domestic violence. There never were 3,000,000 of slaves kept by 5,000,000 of whites in peace for sixty years—never. Point me to the page of history on which such a fact stands—three millions kept in Slavery without an insurrection, worthy of the name—nothing but that of Nat Turner, in 1831. You cannot point me to any other such scene in all history. What keeps them? The Union keeps them. The 20,000,000 of pledged and sworn hunters that people these Northern States of your Union.

Again, look at it as a mere money concern. What keeps the South from being bankrupt? Could South Carolina pay for her own government? Could Mississippi? Could the other slaveholding States? Do you suppose so? *I* do not. A system of industry which is in itself so wanting in economy that it cannot make the year's end meet, and which every four or five years has to bring a commercial crisis over the North, and bankrupt our cities, with from three to five millions lost, sunk in that decennial gap—in the forum of this country, which each year's accumulation of northern industry would close up—talk of such a system supporting itself! It is nothing but bankruptcy. South Carolina talks bravely of walking out of the Union. Let her get up and stand alone. She is a cripple and will need the aid of crutches before she walks (applause). A State that cannot pay her own expenses, and never has done it, let it undertake to stand alone, and support an army and navy to keep down more than one-half of her own population (for more than half are slaves in that State). Let the whites not work—let three blacks be equal to one working white man, and let her undertake with a supernumerary army and navy to keep down her rebellious population. Let her undertake to stand in the nineteenth century with its keen and hungry competition of labour, and see if, with all her economy, she can make the year's end meet. No; we cover the South with the shield of national protection. We pay for the army, for the navy; we render it possible for the prodigal son to remain and not to eat husks. And we call that a Union, and when the South threatens to quit us we think we shall be ruined (laughter)!

Besides, let the South go out, and let it find itself under the necessity of raising taxes for its own support, and there must be a commercial and a manufacturing industry upon which to base those taxes. We could not raise thirty millions of dollars annually if we had not commerce and manufactures, and a consuming population, out of which these customs come. But no such sum could be raised out of the South unless the middle classes consume; and in order to consume, they must work and pay for what they consume. The slaves therefore must be made mechanics and set to work at some profitable employments—more profitable than the rude toil of digging holes in the earth and planting cotton there. And the moment you turn the slaves into mechanics, the Huguenots of France are upon us with their love of freedom, and with their patience and faith, to claim their rights. The blacksmith does not pound on the anvil of material iron alone, but he welds the links of an argument that proves his own right to be free (applause). I would turn these bankrupts out from the shelter of the paternal home, and let them, in the keen competition of the nineteenth century, be made to work, and educate their masses. Out of that education will there come rebellion and liberty (applause). But we render it possible, by the girdle of our national institutions, for the South to keep three millions of wasteful and ignorant labourers in the very sunshine of the nineteenth century, and we cover them with our army and navy, with the untarnished fame and unexhausted strength of New York and Ohio. Disunion turns them out to pay their own debts; and therefore, as a mere economical question, as a mere competition of labour, as a mere commercial analysis, I say that disunion is the slave's best hope, for it plants on the side of his liberty the cannon of interest. It puts his master on his side in the very strongest and ever-enduring springs of character—those of making money, and the consequence would be that the plantation could no longer be kept ignorant and half idle, but must be instructed, must be kept to work as the people of the northern States are working; otherwise the governments must fail.

Now you may think that when we talk of the Union as a curse we are talking fanaticism. We are talking nothing but political economy—nothing in the world but the coldest and lowest and most common principles of the counting-house. Could England have kept Ireland where she is but for the ignorance which Catholicism entailed upon her? Could Ireland have been the blot and curse of the British empire, if religion had not kept her peasantry where they are? Neither could Slavery have existed in this country had we permitted the keen, intelligence-giving competition of the nineteenth century to come pouring its life-giving energy and warmth directly upon us. But it is because your Union has placed itself as a shield in our nineteenth century, over the evils of barbarism, that it now contrary to the expectation of men. It is a mere question of dollars and cents after all, and Slavery, entrenched in self-interest, entrenched in dollars and cents, must be met with the same weapons of warfare with which she fights.

But I have spoken enough (cries of "go on"). I have no wish except to pronounce, once a year, in the city of New York, the words which mark the distinctive character of this organization. You may laugh at us now; you may ridicule our ideas now; but when the South has girdled the Gulf with slave States; when she has reinstated Slavery on the plains of Mexico; when she has bought or bullied Cuba into the Union; when she has converted southern California into a slave State; when she has grown so strong that she thinks she can do without the North, and has no need of the over of your strength; when by your aid she has expanded her dominion until she grasps all sorts of territory and thinks she can stand alone; then the proposition may come from the other side. You know as well as I do that it is idle to talk of peace with the slave power. You know, and every intelligent man knows as well as I do, that this administration will not go out of office before the stars and stripes will float over the capital of Mexico. You know that if money or any other power can do it, Cuba will be ours within seven years. You know that there is neither public opinion nor religious principle in the Union strong enough to successfully oppose either. I met a Southerner, a Florida slaveholder, the other day, at Niagara Falls, who told me that the plan was all cut and dried both for the acquisition of Cuba and the whole Mosquito coast; and, being himself somewhat opposed to it, he asked me where the piety of the North was that it did not oppose such schemes? He said he had heard of New England patriotism and New England churches, and he had thought that happily, possibly, something might emanate thence that would offer resistance to such plans of slaveholding aggrandisement. I told him if Gardiner Spring afraid to pray, of Moses Stuart with his "Conscience and the Constitution," and Dr. Dewey anxious to get rid of his mother (laughter—applause and hisses long continued). For once I have the whole audience with me; some of you are applauding me, and some are hissing Dr. Dewey (great laughter and applause—no hisses).

To the common apprehension it appears probable, that after the acquisition of all these States we shall go on with a gradual movement of Anti-Slavery opinion—that Kentucky will abolish Slavery, then Tennessee, then Delaware, and afterwards Maryland will fall away from the slave system, and thus, State by State, we shall get rid of the institution. Well, suppose we do; suppose this prosperous event (as some think it) were to happen to us—that Kentucky shall lead the way, and State after State shall get rid of it. You will then have Slavery dying by piece-meal for a century and a-half; retreating southward and southward, so that, like the Dutchman's coat, what you cut off from the collar will be put on to the tail. And this is to be your emancipation, is it? Well, this is the brightest picture that gentlemen hold out to us on the other side. It is the way old feudalism went down in France; it is the way feudal institutions went down in Germany; and what did they leave behind? They left behind a pulpit bedeviled into servility to the State. They left behind a puling and faltering statesmanship, that has never been equal to the crisis into which the nation has been cast. They have left an intellect either dwarfed and stunted on all civil questions, or turned utterly aside to mere literature. This is the history of the religion and the intellect of France and Germany.

On the other side of the channel we have England, who blotted out her feudal system under the hoof of Oliver Cromwell by a single act (applause). And what have we for the result? We have a mind springing forward ever equal to the task to which it is called. We have a church of dissenters that have shrunk from no issue, that have taken up the slave question on one hand and the abolition of the corn-laws on the other, and beaten the aristocracy and the throne, on both of these. We have a nation whose literature is the fountain head from which all literature is fed on the subject of Slavery. If we shall ever abolish Slavery, we owe it to the Hampdens and the Sydneys, we owe it to the Cromwells and the men who planted the religion of the "Mayflower," to carry out the principle of immediate Emancipation on the soil (applause). Now your method of emancipation, however immediate it may be for the individual, is to be gradual—State by State. You are to tear away piece-meal this great evil; yes, and in the meantime your counting house will be just as servile, your pulpit will be just as timid, your Press will be just as prostitute. I want an act that shall make our newspapers equal to governing this country, as they do. We live in a land where the newspapers make Presidents; we live in a land where the *Herald* is more than law. You know that it is a libel on liberty to say that we live in a land of law. We live in a land where every party construes the law to make it suit itself. I cannot take human nature out of the world, but I would fain remove one gigantic temptation from its path. Politics, what is it? nothing but bribery, with all the money now on one side, and all the saleable votes on the other. And your northern politicans, what are they? They live by whispering at home what they are afraid to have heard at Washington, and whispering at Washington what they are afraid to have heard at home, and it is death to them when they are equally well known at both places (applause). Now I would fain make it possible for a Daniel Webster to be an honest man (hisses and applause). God gives us great intellects and blesses us with noble men, as human nature is ever noble, and we take them and cast them into the cauldron of these national temptations and sacrifice them; and I hate this Union because it does not leave us able to bury any one of our great men but in tears. We have not a name in the galaxy of American great men that we can stand up with an unfaltering brow and hold out to the world as a statesman or a lover of liberty [a voice—except John Jay]. Ah, you go back to revolutionary times; you go back to the period when the contest and enthusiasm were too hot; when the world was in the fervour of a new conversion and trampled easily under foot all earthly temptations. But we have got to the "material aid" since then: the lava is chilled, the inspiration of the new idea has gone out, and now our great men are not irreproachble as then. I say it not reproachfully; I am an American—Oh, no, thank God, I am a Massachusetts man (laughter). Why, an American in Europe is a walking apology, at the present moment (a laugh). Do I misinterpret? Have not all the newspaper correspondents from Paris, Vienna, Rome and London, told us that they had nothing to do but apologise for "Uncle Tom"? I say an American is a walking apology for his Christianity and Republicanism (hisses and applause). It is easy to hiss it in the city of New York, but it is hard to meet it in the streets of Europe (applause). I had once lying on my table, in one of the large cities of Germany, a copy of the *Boston Liberator*. A German friend took it up and saw the vignette on its imprint—a slave auction. He did not *lay* it down—he threw it down, with an intense expression of disgust, and said, "how is it possible that in your country you can have slaves"? I never shall forget the disgust which was painted on his face. It was a great disappointment to me, for I happened that very morning to have been reading one of the agreeable letters of Nathaniel. P. Willis, in which he said that every German looked into the eyes of Americans as if they were orbs of inspiration; and this *Boston Liberator* was the orb of inspiration that I had to show my German friend. Yes, it is easy to hiss in the city of New York, but it is nevertheless true that in the face of Austrian newspapers, and Tory reviews, and Tory politics, all over Europe, an American has nothing to do but explain and apologize. O'Connell did not shake hands with an American till he told him from what State he came. It is the type of all Europe at the present moment. Thank God for it! Yes, when we have no jury to appeal to here, when you turn your backs upon us, American members of churches and parties, there are the glorious fifty millions on the other side of the water, and they make the majority, thank God, of Christendom, and we can appeal to them, and we know that American Divines on the other side of the water find new spectacles with which to read the New Testament.

But I was speaking in regard to the American Union, and I wish to close on that point. I say this is a country which makes it almost the business of our reviews to explain. Yes, one of the Directors of your American Bible Society—a Director also of the British and Foreign Bible Society—said to me, in the City of London, in 1841, "Sir, I have to explain whenever I introduce an American Clergyman, or an American Christian to a London audience; for," said he in explanation, "the savour of American piety stinks in the nostrils of British Christians." (I use his very language.) And this is your "glorious Union," none of mine! I would not acknowledge as glorious a country which struck down free speech, a country which made it almost impossible to be honest in the pulpit, a country which made testimony for a man's highest convictions equivalent to begging, a country which made it impossible for great men to live symmetrical lives. When they bury a great man in England, in France, in Germany, though his faults exist, they are at liberty, like the sons of the patriarch, walking backward, with kindly charity, to throw the mantle over them, and remember only his merits, his good deeds. But with us, so flagrant are the evils of our great men's example, so great the work that lies before us in converting this nation, that epitaphs to our great men must be warnings for those who must come after. We cannot enjoy even the luxury of speaking well of the dead; for if we do, we [illegible] duty alike to the living and to the slave. And that is your fault. I would fain place great men in circumstances where they will not be tempted to do service-to so foul a system as Slavery. I would make the service of our State comparatively honourable. It is private dishonour now to serve the State. I mean this: I have known a Judge of the Superior Court go into Faneuil Hall, in the City of Boston, and support the Fugitive Slave Law, denounce me and all the men that sit on this platform almost by name, and then I have known that very Judge go to his own house and furnish means to aid a slave whom he liked to escape from that very Fugitive Slave Law that he had upheld. I call it private infamy to serve a government where that or anything like it is necessary; and yet how shall men stand before their wives and children, if they practice at home the very lessons which they give to us from the forum (applause). If we could change the image of Slavery, if we could blot out that black colour which makes us so prejudiced against the slave, if we could call him by some other name, so that men could not point up to the picture of Washington and say "that slaveholder," if we could call Slavery by some other name—call it piracy, call it adultery, call it robbery—then we should begin to realize its enormity. But we have covered it up with words to which we have become so much accustomed, from the times of our fathers, to see on the page of our history, that we no longer feel it. If we could whiten all the slaves to-night, I could promise them liberty to-morrow. It is prejudice against the fated colour that will not let our logic go straight.

I would therefore, Mr. Chairman, break up all these national arrangements and make the conversion of the people possible. I do not believe it possible in the present case. I believe, unfortunately, very badly of human nature. I do not think much of it, and I will tell you what my problem is. Unless you give me disunion of these States, to remove the tremendous temptation from politics and the pulpit, my problem is this: We want men as disinterested as Apostles to put down Slavery. Every dollar that this nation makes is at this present moment somehow directly connected with Slavery. Our commercial, our manufacturing interests are connected with Slavery. Our rising cities of marble and granite are built in connection with the slave system. We cannot war against two thousand millions of dollars without a very radical battle. You have a Wall Street Union Committee. You have Dr. Gardiner Spring in the pulpit, giving——(hisses). It is the strangest thing in the world that when we speak of a pulpit divine and quote his very words, there are people in the audience who hiss us for quoting them. Now, where lies the fault? We are simply exhibition ticket-holders, who stand before an American picture and say, this is a Dr. of Divinity. He stands there with these words coming out of his mouth, "I should not dare to pray for freedom," and then you hiss (laughter). It is no fault of ours. And then we turn round and say, that is an American Statesman; he stands there with his brow framed on a model of God-like beauty, and out of his mouth come these words, "Massachusetts! smother your prejudices," and then all Boston hisses. Where is the fault? We do not make the men nor the sentiments. What we want to do is to render such sentiments impossible. It is not Daniel Webster's fault. God made him as good as you are, as good as any of us, but you took him with his gigantic powers, his masterly passions, his energy almost God-like, and you held up before him the bauble of national repute and office, and he sunk under the temptation; and then you sink yourselves to a like level, and boast of him and worship him still; and when we insist on standing up as men and saying, "he forgets his God for office, and sacrifices truth for lucre," you hiss us. I once read a statute of South Carolina, 1740, against teaching a slave to read, to an audience of Southerners, and they hissed me (laughter). And now every time that I have alluded to Dr. Spring, you have hissed me. The existence of such a monster is not my fault—is not the fault of the Anti-Slavery enterprise (hisses and applause). Your schools and your counting-houses have created him, and it is to change these schools and counting-houses that the Anti-Slavery cause exists. We do not hope to make men any better in their original constitution. We do not hope to give them, in Charles Sumner's phrase, "any better back-bones" than they always had, but we do hope to diminish the amount of temptation brought to bear upon the pulpit and politician, and that is the way in which we intend to carry the nation. I say: given—a Wall Street Committee and Dr. Gardiner Spring in the pulpit, and the problem is: to make out of such a school as that twenty millions of men equal in disinterestedness to the twelve Apostles (laughter). How soon do you think it could be done? "These be thy Gods, O Israel." This is the American Board of Commissioners, and this is the Sunday School Union, repenting for having dared to print "Black Jacob." Yes, you know they printed a little tract called "Black Jacob," which they had in their depot for some twenty years, and it happened that a dozen copies of it were sent to the South. The clergy of the South found it out, and they burnt it in the public street, reserving a single copy, which they sent back to Philsdelphia. What did the Sunday School Union do? They were not a little weak Anti-Slavery Society. No, they represented the evangelical piety of a dozen sects. Into their treasury were poured the resources of half a dozen large denominations. They had, to back them, all the piety of the North. What did they do? Did they say, "Gentlemen, that tract was written twenty years ago; it was not written with any view to the Anti-Slavery question, but in the Providence of God the truth has reached the sinner, and we are bound to thank God for it; and we hope you will lay it to heart, and make good use of it"? No, they said, "Gentlemen, that tract was written twenty years ago with no intention of offending you; if you have any copies of it, send them back to us, and we will burn them; we will break up the stereotype plates, and never print another copy." That is your religion (hisses). Hiss it! certainly (laughter). You know there was an old Greek who was not by any means a Phidias or a Praxiteles, who painted something, and had a Greek slave to stand by it and say, "this is a horse." Well, we take these sayings, and we say, "Gentlemen, this thing that you would mistake for a fawning time-server, is a Dr. of Divinity, or an American Statesman." That is all we say. Mark me; I claim it seriously for the Anti-Slavery cause. You will say we are abusive, fanatical. You say we use Billingsgate? We never described a man except in his own words. We have only let each man, each denomination, speak for itself in its own words. Is that unjust? Is it Billingsgate? Is it denunciatory? We have only let these men speak their own sentiments, and the moment we repeat them on our platform you see their application. But you see, the fact is, an American cannot talk without making himself ridiculous. John C. Calhoun once said on the floor of the Senate—he, the arch-magician of slave logic said, "there is not a more self-evident principle in the whole range of axioms than that what a man digs from the soil is his against the world;" and he had sixty men at home to whom he did not allow it. And when those ill-fated passengers on board the "Pearl" attempted to flee from Washington, what do you suppose induced them to make the attempt? It was a speech of Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, on the French revolution, who said, "the era of progress and emancipation from antiquated prejudices had come, and we were all to be tasting of freedom, humanity and justice," and they believed him (applause).

I will not, however, longer exhaust the patience of the audience. I would move as my resolution, Mr. Chairman, and I move it at the end rather than the beginning of my speech—the following:

Resolved, That we reaffirm our original principle, immediate and unconditional emancipation on the soil; and that we reaffirm our conviction that there is no probability of achieving this, but by the dissolution of the American Union and the remodeling of the American Church (applause and hisses).

At the conclusion of Mr. Phillips' speech, there were loud and repeated calls for Mr. Beecher.

MR. GARRISON said that it would afford him and the Society great pleasure to hear from Mr. Beecher, if he felt moved to speak.

MR. BEECHER then rose, amid great applause.

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I did not mean to speak, either here or anywhere during these Anniversary meetings. It is one thing, however, to resolve to be silent when you are outside, and another thing to keep your tongue when you get inside. Although I don't wish to speak, yet I feel as if it were, in some sense, wrong to be in a great assembly, gathered for a common end, and not bear a testimony. Differing from my friend Mr. Phillips, as I certainly do, as to the proper means by which to wage this contest, I do most heartily agree as to the great end to be sought and won. I should feel a sort of guilt, if, when such an assembly demanded my testimony, I should withhold it—a testimony which I have given and will give, so long as God spares my life—a testimony which, dying and in the very presence of God's throne

in the Church, I believe there is to be found Christianity enough in the world, in the Church and out of it, in the Bible and out of it, i. e. in the record and in the living heart, and, I had almost said, breathed through the very air, as a Divine Providence, inspiring the great organic laws of society, controlling the moral sense of the Church, yea, beating in the veins of political economy, subtly guiding the common generosities of men into a public sentiment, which, in God's own time, in spite of recreant Clergymen, apostate Statesmen, venal politicians, and trafficking shopmen, shall fall upon this vast and unmitigated abomination and utterly crush it. But my earnest desire is that Slavery may be destroyed by the manifest power of Christianity. If it were given me to choose whether it should be destroyed in fifty years by selfish commercial influences, or, standing for seventy-five years, be then the spirit and trophy of Christ, I had rather let it linger twenty-five years more, that God may be honoured and not mammon, in the distruction of it. So do I hate it, that I should rejoice in its extinction, even did the devil tread it out, as he first kindled it, but how much rather would I see God Almighty come down to shake the earth with his tread, to tread all tyrannies and oppressions small as the dust of the highway, and to take unto himself the glory!

It is a common saying with some that Christianity is in favour of liberty! Christianity *in favour* of it! Christianity is Liberty! There is no true liberty which is not of the very nature of religion! The man that takes the New Testament and reads to me that odious doctrine of devils, that Christianity is the hand-maid of Slavery, does not know one single throb of Christianity, nor what is its first element. It is liberty; there is none other liberty under God's heaven than that which stands in love and justice based upon love! God is love and Christianity is love.

I know we have had dark times, and I have felt, perhaps more keenly than these gentlemen, ashamed of men, who have, in other respects, great learning, great age—revered men, who, for the various good they have done, deserve well of the community, when I have heard them utter sentiments that are a reproach to Christianity. I have felt ashamed to see the principles of Christianity, for which I live, defamed by the interpretations of venerable men; and then to see the younger ministry, who are not so tainted, brought into a false position. I grieve to see it; but it is not always to be so. I have a courage not of man in this regard. I believe there is rising up, in the providence of God, a truer exemplification of Christianity in the pulpit and in the Church than we have yet seen, and by and by our children will stand upon such platforms as this, on such occasions as this, speaking of the past numerous wrongs done by Slavery, and thank God for one more illustration of the power of God, through the cross of Christ, which shall have done that which Legislation could not do, and which the commerce of the country would not do. Nay, that the spirit and power of Christ was mightier than the Church, and than Christian ministers; and again shall be seen the Saviour of men, as once in Jerusalem, driving forth from the Temple of this noble and undissevered nation, all those in the pulpit, in the Church, and in the State, who sell men and women, as if they were doves and oxen; and cleansing it from shame, causing the light of its glory to be to all the earth as when the sun shines upon the mountains of darkness and turns them to morning!

Loud calls being made for Mr. DOUGLASS, he came upon the platform and spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I will not detain this audience but a very few moments with any remarks at this stage of these proceedings. I experience great pleasure indeed, in again appearing before an audience in the city of New York, at the anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I rejoice that this Society has again taken its place in this city among the anniversaries of the month. I regard it as an earnest of the future triumph of our cause. There has been much said as to the hopeful and the fearful side of this great controversy with Slavery. For my own part, I feel a little of both. I feel hopeful, and I feel fearful. It seems to me that the slave power of this country has determined upon a fixed and definite policy in respect to the coloured people of this country. They have determined, in the first place, by all the powers they possess, to suppress the freedom of speech. They have determined, in the next place, upon the expatriation of every free coloured man and woman from the United States. They have determined also upon the perpetuation of Slavery for ever in the Southern States. They have determined also upon making Slavery respected in every State of the Union. The history of the past few years is not altogether unfavourable to the accomplishment of some of these designs. It seems to me that Mr. Phillips is right when he tells you that the fugitive slave law has succeeded. He is right in so far as he pictures the ruin that has followed in the track of that inhuman, hell-black law; for there is ruin in its track. Hundreds and thousands of men and women, comfortably situated in these Free States, have virtually had their property confiscated and themselves driven forth wanderers in the earth in consequence of the passage of that law.

But as to having Slavery respected in this country, in the Northern States, that thing cannot be done by law. The relation of master and slave is so inhuman, so monstrous and so shocking, that it cannot, uninfluenced by direct interest in that relation, look upon the slave as he looks upon other species of property. He cannot forget that the slave is a man. No laws, no compacts, no covenants, no enactments, of any description, can ever blot out from the moral sense of these Northern States a consciousness of the manhood of the slave, and no man can feel, when he sees a slave escape, as he would do if he saw a stray horse. The slave power, however, desire and intend to try to put the slaves on a footing with beasts of the field. They intend to bring you and me and all of us to look upon the slave as a horse or an ox; but it cannot be done.

Then in regard to the freedom of speech—that cannot be suppressed, because it involves a proposition to padlock the lips of the whites, in order that the fetters on the limbs of the slave may be secure. It is done to give peace to Slavery. That cannot be done. Peace to the slaveholder! He can have no peace. "No peace to the wicked, saith my God." The slave power might silence the voice of Wendell Phillips, or the pen of William Lloyd Garrison. They might blot out our Anti-Slavery organization in order to give peace to the slaveholder. They might cut out my tongue, and all our tongues. They might gather together all the Anti-Slavery literature, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" included, set a match to it, send its flames towards the sky and scatter its ashes to the four winds of heaven, and yet the slaveholder would be ill at ease (applause); for deep down in his own dark conscience would come an accusing voice—"thou art verily guilty concerning thy brother" (applause). Slavery cannot stand. Its character is like that of Lord Gramby: "it can only pass without censure as it passes without observation." I am fearful; I am hopeful. I am distressed, and yet I have faith. I believe Slavery will come down, and I take this great occasion as a proof of the incoming of that day when there shall be no slave, no chain to clank in our ears (applause).

MR. GARRISON—A single word, in parting, to the audience. Our respected friend, Henry Ward Beecher, has given you his idea of Christ as the Redeemer and not the enslaver of men. It is the Christ whom I love. He has told you that Christianity not only maintains liberty, but *is* liberty. That is my faith also. Yet, for entertaining that opinion, I am an "infidel" in the judgment of the American Church and the American clergy. And my friend stands as an infidel in the same category, for the same reason; because our definition of Christianity and our estimate of Christ are rejected by this nation of professing Christians. Our friend spoke hopefully in regard to the future, and believed that under God we should be one people. But remember that the Union which he contemplates is not the Union which now exists. He lives in an ideal world, and my friend Phillips has been speaking of the actual state of things. For we have no Union in reality; honestly speaking, we have the overwhelming, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent slave power over us and around us, and nothing else; and this meeting in one half of our Union is an unlawful meeting, and would subject us to Lynch law. There is no freedom of speech; there is no common country, no common constitution; therefore no union; but it is submission to the slave power, the iron sway of the slave power over the whole land.

Let us then be up and at work for the everlasting overthrow of Slavery, and then God will give unto us a glorious Union, one worth having, and we cannot have it till that time comes.

And now, friends, I will just say that I rejoice at the great assembly that we have had convened to-day. It has been an intelligent, it has been an attentive, it has been a very discriminating assembly—hisses for very wicked sentiments and applause for very glorious ones (applause). We have proved it to be possible once more to have an Anti-Slavery meeting in the city of New York, and it is to the glory of New York that the fact can now go forth to the world (applause).

The Society then adjourned to meet in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

NOTE.—Mr. Garrison, Mr. Quincy, Miss Stone, Mr. Beecher, and Mr. Douglass, have revised the report of their respective speeches; but Mr. Phillips has not seen his, either in manuscript or proof. The reporter has performed his task in a manner which proves him worthy to stand, as he does, in the front rank of his profession.—*Ed. Standard.*

## BUSINESS MEETINGS.

The Society met, for business and conference, at the ante-room in the Chinese Buildings, on Wednesday afternoon (May 11), at 3 o'clock; at which time the chair was taken by the President, WM. L. GARRISON.

On motion, SAMUEL MAY, JR., of Massachusetts, was appointed Assistant Secretary.

On motion of JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, of Pennsylvania, and seconded, it was voted that a Committee of Business be nominated by the Chair.

The following persons, being nominated, were unanimously elected said Committee:

Wendell Phillips, Edmund Jackson, Charles C. Burleigh, Oliver Johnson, Lucy Stone, Francis Jackson, Abby Kelley Foster, Anne W. Weston, Sydney H. Gay.

On motion of E. QUINCY, and seconded, W. L. Garrison was added to the Business Committee.

On motion, the following persons were nominated by the Chair a Committee to report Officers for the ensuing year, and they were elected as such Committee:

Edmund Quincy, of Dedham, Mass.; Abby K. Foster, of Worcester, Mass.; Joseph A. Dugdale, of Kennett Square, Penn.; William H. Topp and Lydia Mott, of Albany, N. Y.; James B. Whitcomb, of Conn.; Harriet Purvis, of Penn.; Alfred G. Campbell, of N. J.; Joseph Post, of Long Island, N. Y.; Giles B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y.; Isaac Trescott, of Ohio.

The following persons were chosen a Committee on Finance:

Rowland Johnson, E. D. Hudson, Susan B. Anthony, and Lauren Wetmore.

EDMUND QUINCY then remarked that we had assembled not to make speeches, but to deliberate on the present aspects and needs of the Anti-Slavery cause, and to devise ways and means of extending and forwarding it. We do not expect, by this Anniversary gathering, to convert the City of New York, or to save Wall Street or Pearl Street from the error of their ways. We look over our whole land, and, in view of its moral condition, and its pro-slavery guilt, we come to inquire how we shall most disturb and agitate it—for agitation is what is most needed to purify the moral atmosphere. Agitation is our appropriate work. It is our business to make Pro-Slavery as uncomfortable as possible. Now, there are two ways, in particular, by which, as an associated body, we can do this work, and advance the cause: 1st. By and through lecturing agents, whom we are to send forth to preach the saving word of Anti-Slavery truth, enabling them so to do by furnishing the very moderate means they require to keep soul and body together. 2d. By sustaining our organ, the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and giving it a greatly increased circulation and influence. Mr. Quincy ably urged the paramount importance of sustaining the *Standard*. He showed it to be a journal strictly devoted to the Anti-Slavery cause, without the admixture of any other subject—presenting, each week, that week's history of the Anti-Slavery cause. Mr. Quincy also communicated the gratifying information—already, indeed, generally known to the readers of the *Standard*—that Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON, late Editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, would hereafter be united with Mr. GAY in the editorship of the *Standard*. The prospects of increased ability, vigour and variety in the columns of the paper should lead all its friends to make a corresponding effort to enlarge the circle of its readers and supporters.

FRANCIS JACKSON, the Treasurer, here presented and read his Annual Report. It stated the total receipts of the Society, for the year past, to be $8,863 86, and the total expenditure $7,222 66, leaving a balance in treasury of $1,641 20.

NOTE. It will be understood that this is the account of the American Society only, the central organization, and does not include the receipts and expenditures of any of the State or local Societies.

Voted, That the report be accepted.

The President read letters from Hon. William Jay, Rev. S. S. Griswold of New London County, Connecticut, and Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, New York. They were listened to with deep interest.

The Committee on Finance proceeded to the discharge of their duty, in receiving contributions and pledges of pecuniary aid in behalf of the Society.

JOHN S. ORR, of New York, announced himself as the son of a West India planter, and as having been once himself an owner of slaves. He spoke in an animated style of the vast necessity and importance of the Anti-Slavery movement, addressing himself particularly to young men, urging them to take hold and help the cause, and declaring his own purpose to devote himself to it.

W. L. GARRISON, at some length, showed the position and what had been the course of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its organ, the *Standard*; both having steadily pursued the path of pure and distinct Anti-Slavery. And yet how little credit do they receive for it in certain quarters, where intolerance and spite combine, in the hope of destroying this movement. The *Standard* is held by such responsible for what are deemed the heresies, on other subjects, of the *Liberator* and the *Liberator's* editor and correspondents!

SAMUEL MAY, JR., of Massachusetts, spoke of a circular letter about to be issued by the Executive Committee of this Society, in behalf of the *Standard*; and asked that every friend of the Anti-Slavery cause, to whom this letter should come, would make it a personal duty to procure one or more additional subscribers. He also mentioned that the Anti-Slavery Office, in this city (at No. 142 Nassau street), had been recently enlarged, and rendered convenient and attractive as a place of meeting and resort for friends resident in the city, or who might be visiting it, and he expressed the earnest hope of the Committee that such use would be made of the office, far more extensively than had ever yet been done. Let it become a common centre, especially for the Abolitionists of New York and its vicinity; and a common and increased acquaintance, he doubted not, would lead to results highly important to the well-being and advancement of the cause.

THOMAS B. NICHOLS, of New York, expressed his pleasure at the information now given to the meeting by Mr. May. He had suffered not a little since his residence in this city, from the want of Anti-Slavery sympathy and society; and he hoped that now the American Society had furnished the means of more easy and frequent intercourse, there would be a coming together of the friends, a mutual knowledge and friendship, and a vigorous co-operation to help the cause along.

OLIVER JOHNSON pursued this subject, urging the importance that the Anti-Slavery people of New York, however few, should become better acquainted with one another, that they might soon form a Society for the promotion of the cause in this city.

LAUREN WETMORE, of New York, urged the same point. He had known nothing, for years, which seemed to him so likely to help forward the cause in New York, and not in New York only, as the measures and suggestions which we have now heard. He had long seen and lamented how much the cause in this city suffered, by the isolation of its friends; and he was persuaded that a great impulse would be given to it if the friends could only be brought together, and become mutually acquainted.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE said he thanked God that once more the standard of Anti-Slavery truth had been lifted up in the streets of this Babylon of America. We had had, this morning, a glorious and effective meeting, public, open to all comers, and thronged from first to last. Let the future bring what it might of discouragement and hostility, this fact could not be blotted out. He urged all the friends to stand firm to their ground, to contend valiantly, and to go forward as the enemy should yield.

EDMUND QUINCY moved an amendment to the 5th article of the Constitution (notice of which proposed amendment had been previously given to the Executive Committee), striking out the provision for the election of a Board of Managers, such a Board being superfluous and useless.

The motion so to amend the 5th article was seconded by C. C. BURLEIGH of Connecticut, and unanimously adopted by the Society. The article as amended reads as follows:

ART. V. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice Presidents, a Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretaries, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of not less than five nor more than twelve members.

MR. QUINCY gave notice of two other amendments, viz.: to article VI. and VIII.

Voted, To lay these proposed amendments on the table, with the understanding that they will be called up to-morrow morning.

DR. C. H. WELLINGTON, of New York, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That we recommend to the friends who sympathize with us in this city to unite and form a New York Anti-Slavery Association for the city and vicinity.

MR. PHILIP MOORE, residing in the vicinity of New York, seconded. He said he was brought up in the lap of Slavery, and had suffered much from the influence of his education in Georgia; and he had of late deeply felt the need of more sympathy, and of opportunities of intercourse with Anti-Slavery minds. Once, said Mr. M, I was an opponent of this cause; when I first saw you, Mr. President, and heard you, I thought that you were a dangerous man, and I felt like offering resistance to you—and violent resistance. But, on further hearing the words which emanated from your speakers, men and women, and my own reflections upon them, I became convinced that this cause was God's truth, and that it would certainly prevail. I was not an easy or compliant convert, but the power of truth has brought me to this point.

THE PRESIDENT. You will make all the better Abolitionist.

Adjourned to Thursday morning, 10 o'clock.

THURSDAY.

Met according to adjournment, the President in the chair. The proposed amendments to the Constitution were called up.

The amendment to Art. VI., empowering the Executive Committee to appoint a Board of Assistant Managers in New York City was explained, and unanimously adopted by the Society. The article as amended reads as follows:

ART. VI. The Executive Committee shall have power to enact their own by-laws, fill any vacancy in their body, and in the offices of Secretary and Treasurer, employ agents, determine what compensation shall be paid to agents, and to the Corresponding Secretaries, direct the Treasurer in the application of all moneys, and call special meetings of the Society. They shall make arrangements for all meetings of the Society, make an annual written report of their doings, the expenditures, and funds of the Society, and shall hold stated meetings, and adopt the most energetic measures in their power to advance the objects of the Society. They may, if they shall see fit, appoint a Board of Assistant Managers, composed of not less than three nor more than seven persons residing in New York City or its vicinity, whose duty it shall be to render such assistance to the Committee in conducting the affairs of the Society as the exigencies of the cause may require. To this Board they may from time to time confide such of their own powers as they may deem necessary to the efficient conduct of the Society's business. The Board shall keep a record of its proceedings, and furnish a copy of the same for the information of the Committee as often as may be required.

The amendment of Article VIII., striking out the provision which required the Annual or a Special Meeting to be held in New York during Anniversary week, was also adopted. The article now reads as follows:

ART. VIII. The Annual Meeting of the Society shall be held each year at such time and place as the Executive Committee may direct, when the accounts of the Treasurer shall be presented, the annual report read, appropriate addresses delivered, the Officers chosen, and such other business transacted as shall be deemed expedient.

The President then presented, from the Business Committee, the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That as the sole condition required by the American Anti-Slavery Society to constitute membership therein is a subscription to the principle that "immediate emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master," and that the coloured population of the land should be admitted to equal rights and privileges with the white—leaving each member free to decide, according to his own conscience and understanding, where that principle leads, and what it requires at his hands, in strict fidelity to the cause of those who are held in the galling chains of Slavery, no other discipline being exercised than that of untrammelled speech on its broad platform, and no other form of excommunication being adopted than that of obtaining and embodying the expression of an opinion, on the part of a majority of the Society, as to what is a compromise of the principle aforesaid; it follows that the widest co-operation is rendered feasible by this Society, without regard to sectarian differences or party considerations, on the part of all those who sincerely desire the overthrow of the slave system.

2. Resolved, That as no individual, by becoming a member of this Society, is responsible for the sentiments of any other member on subjects extraneous to that of Slavery, neither does he thereby abridge his right, or his individual responsibility as a man, to promulgate whatever views he deems just and true, and to make as many proselytes to his peculiar faith as possible.

3. Resolved, therefore, That it is the clearest evidence of a malicious or pro-slavery spirit, as well as the climax of absurdity, to hold this Society responsible for the peculiar doctrines or notions entertained or advocated by those who are united with it for the abolition of Slavery, whether those doctrines relate to the Bible, the Sabbath, or any other subject.

4. Resolved, That this Society has never entertained the question, whether one day in the week is more holy than another; or whether the Bible is the inspired word of God; or whether the American government, aside from its connection with Slavery, is worthy of support; or whether the clerical profession or an organized church ought to be countenanced; but it has been true to its one grand, distinctive object, the extirpation of Slavery—discussing and taking action upon no other subject, and concerning itself only with the pro-slavery spirit, acts and institutions of the land, impartially and without respect of persons, "without concealment and without compromise."

5. Resolved, That this Society has ever maintained, that "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" that Christianity and Slavery are eternally irreconcileable; that nothing in the teachings and example of Jesus of Nazareth gives any countenance to oppression; but that, on the contrary, his mission is to bind up the broken-hearted and to set the captives free; and that they crucify him afresh, and stain the glorious gospel which he came to promulgate, who cite him as approving or conniving at the enslaving of any portion of the human race.

6. Resolved, That in proof that its reliance for success is solely in God, and in the omnipotence of His truth, this Society refers not to its multiplicity of pious ejaculations or cant religious phrases, but to the principles it has adopted and the deeds it has wrought, in the face of "principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places"—of afflictions, necessities, distresses, stripes, imprisonments, tumults, perils in the city and perils among false brethren—against a thoroughly corrupt and overwhelming public sentiment—and in behalf of millions who are peeled, meted out, and trodden under foot, who have no recompense to offer, and to espouse whose hated cause is to find the crown of thorns and the cross of martyrdom, socially, pecuniarily, religiously and politically.

WENDELL PHILLIPS presented the following resolution, and moved its adoption:

Resolved, That this Society learns with great satisfaction that our beloved coadjutor, J. Miller McKim, of Philadelphia, is now on a visit to Great Britain, and, though he has not gone as an official agent of this, or any other, Society, he will, without doubt, be in constant intercourse with Abolitionists abroad; and it is, therefore, not improper that we should give expression to our sincere confidence in, and regard for, Mr. McKim, and our gratification that our transatlantic friends should become acquainted with one so thoroughly conversant with the character and progress of the Anti-Slavery Cause in this country, who has been so long its zealous and devoted advocate, and who is so entirely fitted to be its representative.

The resolution was seconded by Samuel May, Jr., and adopted unanimously.

W. PHILLIPS, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolution, which was read and laid upon the table:

7. Resolved, That in adopting the motto of "No Union with Slaveholders," we take the only possible way of escape from the position of pledged allies and defenders of Slavery; since to remain in the Union, under the generally received interpretation of the Constitution, is to promise and swear support to Slavery; and to adopt that interpretation which makes the Constitution thoroughly Anti-Slavery, is virtually to abolish the Union now actually existing, and put another in its place, without frankly and explicitly saying so at the outset.

The six resolutions first reported were laid on the table, in order to allow of the transaction of business.

OLIVER JOHNSON brought forward the subject of holding a meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia, on or about the 4th of December next, in celebration of the Second Decade, or twentieth year, since formation.

A discussion on this subject arose, in which Edward M. Davis, Oliver Johnson, the President, and Samuel May, Jr., participated, which resulted as follows:

Voted, That the question of the Second Decennial Celebration of the formation of this Society, by a Meeting in Philadelphia, be referred to the Executive Committee, with instructions to take it into immediate consideration, confer with the Philadelphia friends, and issue a call for the meeting—if decided to hold it—at the earliest day possible.

On motion of E. QUINCY, seconded by E. M. DAVIS, it was unanimously Voted, That the President of the Society be requested to prepare, and present at the Decade meeting (if held), an historical sketch, to be published, of the Cause and its progress, covering the time since the Society's Annual Reports were discontinued.

This proposal met with much favour from all present, and the task was undertaken by the President, Mr. Garrison.

The Committee on the Nomination of Officers of the Society for the ensuing year, by their Chairman, E. Quincy, reported a list of Officers.

The Report was amended by making Edmund Quincy a Corresponding Secretary of the Society, in connection with Mr. Gay; also by placing the name of Georgiana Bruce Kirby, of Santa Cruz, California, on the list of the Vice Presidents.

The Report, as amended, was then accepted, *nem con.*, and the persons therein named are accordingly elected the Society's Officers for the year ensuing.

*President*—WM. LLOYD GARRISON, of Massachusetts.

*Vice Presidents*—Peter Libbey, Maine; Benjamin Comings, Luther Melendy, New Hampshire; Patten Davis, Vermont; Francis Jackson, Edmund Quincy, Wm. I. Bowditch, Massachusetts; Asa Fairbanks, Rhode Island; Jas. B. Whitcomb, Connecticut; Samuel J. May, Thomas McClintock, Isaac Post, Pliny Sexton, New York; Robert Purvis, Edward M. Davis, Thomas Whitson, Pennsylvania; George Atkinson, New Jersey; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Thomas Donaldson, Asa Davis, William Stedman, Joseph Barker, Ohio; Clarkson Packett, Indiana; Joseph Merritt, Thomas Chandler, Michigan; John Wicbell, Illinois; James A. Shedd, Iowa; Caleb Green, Minesota; Georgiana B. Kirby, California.

*Corresponding Secretaries*—Edmund Quincy and Sydney H. Gay.

*Recording Secretary*—Wendell Phillips.

*Treasurer*—Francis Jackson.

*Executive Committee*—William Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Edmund Quincy, Maria Weston Chapman, Wendell Phillips, Anne Warren Weston, Sydney Howard Gay, Eliza Lee Follen, James Russell Lowell, Charles F. Hovey, Samuel May, Jr., Wm. I. Bowditch.

The six resolutions first reported by the Business Committee were then taken from the table. EDMUND QUINCY took the Chair, and Mr. GARRISON addressed the meeting, for about half an hour, in their support. It is deeply to be regretted that Mr. G.'s remarks were not fully and exactly reported; for it would be difficult to find, and not easy to make, a better and clearer statement of the ground occupied by the American Anti-Slavery Society, or a more complete vindication of the freedom and liberality of the Society's platform against the false insinuations and attacks of its enemies. He maintained, in a very impressive and eloquent manner, the catholicity of the Society's platform and conditions of membership, and its entire freedom from every extraneous and improper subject. Upon this platform every man can come, be he of what party or sect he may, *who is honestly opposed to Slavery*, and means to labour for its overthow; he can come and be a member of the Society, though he should still hold his place in these political and sectarian organizations. There is nothing in our platform or terms of membership to prevent him. But, upon this platform, he must expect to find, and must not shrink from meeting, the most full and free discussion of his position, whether as a politician or a religionist. He will find his connections, in these respects, in reference to the subject of Slavery, most rigidly probed. And if he finds that his position, in either of these respects, or in any other, is a false one—a pro-slavery one—and inconsistent with an honest hostility to Slavery in every form, then, if an honest man, he will leave these, and clear himself of all complicity with them. But, if we fail to convince him, this day, this week, this year, of what we deem his inconsistency and pro-slavery position—if we do not lead *him* to see his position in that light—are we to exclude him from our Society—excommunicate him from Anti-Slavery sympathy and companionship, and decide, judicially, that his Anti-Slavery is all hollow? We say, No! If he candidly comes upon our platform, joins in the discussion here, and stands the fire of free speech in a good temper, feeling bound to defend his position, indeed, and yet willing to bear the exposure of its weakness—then we say it is not for us to pass sentence of excommunication upon him. But it may be replied that this is as effectual a way as any other to keep men away from our Society, or drive away some who are now in it; and that thus the excommunication takes place practically, all the same. Be it so. The discipline is no assumption of ours—no act of ours; it is the truth itself, acting upon the reason, conscience, heart of the individual; if he quails before this power, and flees from a platform where there is no respect of persons, and where all systems and actions are judged according to their bearing and influence upon the slave's well-being, then he goes condemned not by us, but self-condemned and self-banished He has found the coat to fit him, and has himself put it on. But if he will stay, and hear, and reason, and ponder upon what he hears—all with the determination to help the overthrow of the slave system—we welcome him to stay. Mr. G. then spoke of the true *spirit* which should be in the Abolitionists. I have never, said he, quarrelled with a kind, magnanimous, generous spirit in any one, no matter what his opinions. Let a man meet me in such a spirit, and rejoice in a free platform, and I will meet him in a kindred spirit, and I will wait for his conversion, be he Whig or be he Democrat, be he Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, or what not; I will wait for him, if need be, until the 'crack of doom,' certain that I shall have him then, if not before.

ROWLAND JOHNSON and Dr. C. H. WELLINGTON, both of New York City, made a few remarks relative to the proposed City Anti-Slavery Society, and gave notice that a meeting would be held that evening, at the residence of the latter, in Twelfth Street, to take action on the subject.

MR. DAVID PLUMB, of New York (formerly, we understand, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church), stated his difficulty in formerly continuing, or in now becoming, a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It was not because her equal right of membership was conceded to Woman—he would contend for that; it was not that it welcomed men of all shades of opinion, political and religious, to its ranks; but it was because it admitted Whigs, Democrats, Presbyterians, &c. &c., adhering members of practically pro-slavery bodies, to membership. I have no objection, said he, on the score of their speculative opinions, to associate with any body for the overthrow of Slavery; but I do object to the pro-slavery *action* of any and of all. Mr. P. said he did not agree to the American Society's view of the Constitution. The existing Union he believed was corrupt, pro-slavery, and that it ought to be destroyed; but he believed it was pro-slavery in spite of, and not in accordance with, the Constitution, on which it is professedly based.

MR. GARRISON said that, with regard to the original secession, in 1840, from the American Anti-Slavery Society, no other issue was made than on the question of placing a woman (Mrs. A. K. Foster, then Miss Abby Kelley) on one of the Committees. Whatever private griefs were felt, no other reason for the secession was given but that. I do not say, said Mr. G., that no other difficulty would have been brought forward if that had been removed. I only say no other *was* alleged then. And with regard to admitting members of bodies which *we* deem pro-slavery to membership in the American Society, it was shown that we endorse no man's Whiggery, or Democracy, or religion, on this platform; but it was notorious that we sifted every such question to the bottom; and if the man was in any pro-slavery connection, it was demonstrated in a way that he could not misunderstand. This Society has always been noted for its fearless exposure and rebuke of all pro-slavery, no matter how disguised, or how excused, or by what artifice attempted to be concealed. The offences and the short-comings of politicians and religionists, even of those bodies which have in a measure emerged from their pro-slavery connections, have never been spared or justified here.

MR. MCDERMOTT, of New York, said: Mr. President, the sooner the historical statement, which has been spoken of here, is got out, the better. I have made a discovery here to-day, which has surprised me nearly as much as the discovery of America surprised the men of the old world. I have always heard this Society called the most illiberal, contracted and narrow that could be conceived of. But here I have been listening to grave objections brought against the Society because it is so liberal, and will not exclude from it persons of different organizations and sects.

MR. STEPHEN GRIMES, of Boonton, N. J., said, for himself, he liked the liberal, and manly position of the Society, and wished it were more widely understood. Where he lived, all that is known of this Society is that they are *Bostonians*. And he had heard the question asked, since he had been in the City, "Where do the *Bostonians* meet?" Now, said he, I want to have it known that there are others, in other parts of the country besides Boston, who go for this liberal policy. And let us have an Anti-Slavery Society, to include the City and the neighbourhood, based on this thorough, free, and liberal platform, and I know we can prove to all that this spirit belongs peculiarly to no one section of the country.

MR. PLUMB said that the American Anti-Slavery Society, if true to its ideas and its principles, was in fact a church. It ought to be so.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said he had listened with interest to the remarks which had fallen in this meeting from the speaker last up, and he thought he would be a valuable accession to the proposed City Anti-Slavery Association. But that gentleman, he thought, did not fully understand, or state, the true position of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I would ask, said Mr. Phillips, may we never have, for any object or purpose, an organization like ours? Surely we are not obliged to form *churches* for every object. A church is an excellent thing, it is true; but we may have, I suppose, other associations. Two years ago, in Boston, we wanted to prevent Thomas Sims from being taken back to Slavery in Georgia. Seventy of us met in an upper chamber, and formed a Vigilance Committee. There were men present of every shade of opinion, some even who deemed it their duty, in a general way, not to resist the Fugitive Slave Law. But they were *bonafide* with us in the purpose to save Thomas Sims from Slavery. We didn't shut them out. We didn't inquire what they thought, or did, elsewhere. We gladly accepted their help on that occasion, and one of them was among the most able and efficient members of the Committee. In this Society we have established and maintained a FREE PLATFORM; there has been patience on it with every form of Anti-Slavery. Some have been offended on the right hand and fallen off—some on the left; but the central body meanwhile has moved on, straight and true to its object, gathering from every quarter others, in place of those who have fallen away. Let us ever be able to say, that we have been always wise and philosophical enough to keep our platform and Society open to every honest man—to every one who hates Slavery, and will work for its overthrow. The sects tried to form an Evangelical Union, and they took a Creed for its basis; and it failed. The true basis of every vital organization is to be found, not in the *creed*, but in the *spirit*, of its members.

MR. GARRISON stated that a document had been received this very morning from England, addressed to Mr. Gay, Editor of the *Standard*, which he wished to lay before the Society. It is the "Friendly Remonstrance of the people of Axbridge and its vicinity" against American Slavery—signed by fourteen hundred persons, and addressed to the people of this country. The document was opened, unrolled, and held up to the view of the meeting. The remonstrance itself, couched in earnest words but in a very friendly spirit, was read by the President.

[Leave was granted to make a statement and give a notice of a temperance meeting. SUSAN B. ANTHONY stated that she went that morning, with other women, to attend the meeting in this city, called to consult about a World's Temperance Convention. She with others, delegates from Temperance Societies, were refused admission to the Convention, although they presented their credentials, solely on the ground of their being women. A small majority of the Convention endorsed this exclusion of the women. Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass., protested, and, with a large minority accompanying, withdrew from the Convention: and were to hold a meeting that afternoon at 2 o'clock, at No. 20 Laight street—to take measures to hold a true World's and not half a World's Temperance Convention.]

The President presented the following resolution, from the Business Committee:

8. Resolved, That the events of the past year most distinctly reveal the truth, that only the stern application of Anti-Slavery principles to the teachings and practices of Church and State, clergy and politicians, can save the nation—if salvation be yet possible—from utter corruption and ruin under the deleterious influence of politics repudiating the Higher Law, and theology subordinating God to Congress and the Constitution.

The Society then unanimously adopted the resolution offered by Wendell Phillips at the meeting yesterday morning. It is as follows:

Resolved, That we re-affirm our original principle, immediate and unconditional emancipation on the soil; and we re-affirm our conviction that there is no probability of gaining this, except by the dissolution of the Union, and the remodelling of the American Church.

The series of resolutions, numbered 1 to 6, were then adopted. The vote was taken on resolutions 7 and 8, and they were adopted.

The President here read a letter which had been received from Hon. S. P. Chase, of Ohio.

The two following resolutions were reported by the Business Committee, and were adopted unanimously:

9. Resolved, That among the electrifying events which have transpired since the last Anniversary of this Society, is the unprecedented circulation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—a work which has already been read by all Christendom, melting all hearts by its perusal, and giving a mighty impulse to the Anti-Slavery cause; and followed by the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," from the pen of the same author, revealing in an authentic shape the manifold horrors of the slave system, and leaving every apologist of the slaveholder without excuse.

10. Resolved, That the unexampled circulation of these works, on both sides of the Atlantic (highly meritorious as they are), is manifestly the result of the self-sacrificing, unwearied and long protracted labours of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their coadjutors in England, and of the uncompromising friends of the slave in the United States, by which the popular mind has been prepared for the cheering reception given both to the "Cabin" and its "Key;" thus demonstrating the truth that

"Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive the hope."

The resolution relating to a New York City Anti-Slavery Association, was taken up, and advocated with much power by Rowland Johnson; after which it was unanimously adopted.

The subject of the Society's organ—the *Standard*—was taken up, and spoken of by Wendell Phillips, Joseph A. Dugdale, and Charles C. Burleigh.

The following resolution on the Colonisation Society was reported from the Business Committee:

11. Resolved, That we again brand the American Colonisation Society as an unnatural, vindictive, and slavery-supporting combination—at the North, as "full of all deceivableness of unrighteousness," and at the South, as directly tending to increase the value and preservation of slave property by the banishment of the free coloured people from the country; and we pronounce its professed concern for the civilization and religious elevation of Africa to be hollow and hypocritical, which its course toward the coloured population in this country undeniably demonstrates.

The vote was taken, and it was adopted unanimously.

The Business Committee reported the two following resolutions, which also were adopted with entire unanimity:

12. Resolved, That we return our most grateful thanks to those clear-sighted, untiring and uncompromising friends of our cause, on the other side of the Atlantic, who have so generously and efficiently co-operated with this Society, by their warm sympathy, their words of cheer, and their liberal contribution of "material aid" to the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar; and we are confident they will still continue to be with us, while we remain faithful to the slave, in spite of all the malicious accusations and outcries raised against us by the unhallowed spirit of a narrow sectarianism.

13. Resolved, That this Society have received with grateful pleasure the admirable Remonstrance of the Inhabitants of Axbridge in England with the people of the United States of America against the System of Slavery; that it be published with the proceedings of this Meeting;* and that Mr. Gay, the Corresponding Secretary, be instructed to acknowledge its reception and to express the sense of the Society of the value of their testimony against American Slavery.

The Society then adjourned, *sine die*.

N. B. The meetings of the Society were thronged from first to last, and a most hopeful and significant spirit of inquiry and interest in the subject was manifested throughout. Never before, in the City of New York, has there appeared so decided and encouraging a spirit with regard to our cause. Not the faintest spark of the mob-spirit showed itself. Our cause is onward, even in the City of New York, the stronghold of Union Safety Committees, and of those ministers who will not offer a single prayer, even if thereby every slave could be set free.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*
WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Secretary.*
SAMUEL MAY, JR., *Assistant Secretary.*

* Omitted for want of room.

## LETTERS.

*Letter from Rev. Samuel J. May.*

SYRACUSE, May 4th, 1853.

DEAR FRIEND: I wish through you to invite the American Anti-Slavery Society to meet in Syracuse on the 29th and 30th of September next, or, if they prefer, to hold a Semi-Annual Meeting here early in November. Allow me to suggest, if the Annual Meeting is always to be held in the city of New York, that there should be a Semi-Annual Meeting, and that it should be held in some of the provincial cities, or large villages, that may be convenient to all parts of the country from which Anti-Slavery people come.

The reason why I name the 29th and 30th of September is, that on the 1st of October, we mean to celebrate the rescue of Jerry, and should love to have here as many friends as possible from all parts of the land. But if you will all come on the 1st of October, you shall be all the more welcome in November also.

I am sorry not to be at the Annual Meeting this year. I hope you will have a large gathering, and do and say many things that will be felt and remembered throughout the land. Yours, truly, SAMUEL J. MAY.

*Letter from Hon. William Jay.*

BEDFORD, May 9th, 1853.

DEAR SIR

## Miscellaneous Department.

### SERFDOM IN RUSSIA.

The following account of Russian Serfdom, and of the efforts of the Emperor Nicholas to abolish it, agrees substantially with that given by Dr. Baird, in his admirable course of Lectures at the Smithsonian Institute. He stated, that before any of the measures detailed in the following article were adopted, that the Emperor in full council of his Ministers, declared his anxious wish to abolish Serfdom. Count Romanzoff told him that the measure was premature; that the minds of the nobles were not prepared for it; and that appealing, as it would, to the pecuniary interests and prejudices of the whole class, it would arouse an opposition which the whole power of the Government could not withstand. The same nobleman suggested that the Emperor should leave to his son and successor the accomplishment of the beneficent measure of emancipating his people. The Emperor replied: "I know that my son is actuated by the proper spirit; but I fear he is deficient in the necessary firmness to accomplish the great work. But," said he, reaching forth his arm, "I feel that God has given me the power to perform it, and that it is my duty."

Dr. Baird further stated, that the Emperor has taken from the nobles the power of inflicting chastisement upon the serfs at their pleasure, and has regulated the manner and degree of their punishment, according to strict rules of law, upon conviction before a magistrate.

Towards the end of 1848, or beginning of 1849, Mr. Jerrman, who had spent three years at Petersburg, published a book on Russia which was soon after translated into English. We give below Mr. Jerrman's account of the Emperor's exertions to abolish Serfdom.—*Evening Post.*

The rights of man are trampled under foot in Russia! Who denies it? A nation still semi-barbarous, is subjected to semi-barbarous rule! Perfectly true. Laws unworthy of the name exist there, as well as classes of men degraded below the proper dignity of man. All this is matter of fact: but the profound genius of the Emperor, who discerns all this, his restless striving to remedy these evils, to reconcile these incongruities, *that* stamps him, in my eyes, not only as a great sovereign, but also as a true friend of the people.

It is with real gratification that I propose, in these pages, a true and faithful representation of facts to a prejudice universal in Germany—a prejudice confirmed and strengthened by Germans who have long resided in Russia. It is not my fault if those Germans either were unable to take a clear sighted view of what passed around them, or else measured it with a German rule—a mode of measurement of which Russian matters certainly did not admit. The man who rigidly investigates, and takes into due consideration, the character of the people, the confirmed habits of centuries, and the perils and material disadvantages of the too sudden development of free institutions, will not only contemplate with respect and admiration the efforts of the Russian Government for the safe and gradual spread of liberty, but will also, like myself, not hesitate to proclaim the Emperor Nicholas, so often denounced as the deadly foe to freedom, the true father of his country, earnestly striving to develop and mature the rights of his subjects.

Proofs strike deeper than assertions, and a few of the former may here with propriety be given. Let us first glance at that institution which mostly estranges Russia from civilization, namely, at the institution of Serfdom.

For the female members, of course, there is but one legal course to emancipation, namely, marriage with a freeman. For male serfs, at all times until recently, a military service was the avenue of freedom. Once under the colours, the soldier is free. The freedom of the Russian soldier is not very comprehensive, and the recruit may, in some sort, be said only to exchange one kind of Slavery for another and a milder one; but when, on the completion of his term of service, or in consequence of wounds or ill health, he receives his discharge, it is as a free man that he returns to his home. In strict regard to truth, I must, however, here observe, that for a long time this road to citizenship led but few to its enjoyment. The soldier, after completing a period of twenty years' service, was so accustomed to that mode of life, whilst on the other hand, owing to his long disuse of the occupation to which he had been brought up, he saw so little prospect of earning a living, that in most instances he accepted a second bounty, and recommenced his military career, to which he then clung till death or the hospital received him. Seven years ago, however, the Emperor Nicholas shortened the term of service to eight years, a reduction which now annually restores to civil life many thousand freemen, who were slaves till they donned the uniform. At the expiration of eight years' service the soldier is still a young man; he can still enjoy his freedom, and found a free family. For this first and important step towards the emancipation of the serf, the Russian people have to thank the Emperor Nicholas.

A not less important disposition aimed at the same end, and at the same time calculated to avert the total ruin of the Russian nobility, is that which relates to advances made by the Crown on territorial property.

To prevent the partial depopulation of States, a ukase, dated in 1827, declared the serfs to constitute an integral and inseparable portion of the soil. The immediate consequence of this decree was the cessation, at least in its most repulsive form, of the degrading traffic in human flesh, by sale, barter, or gift. Thenceforward no serf could be transferred to another owner, except by the sale of the land to which he belonged. To secure to itself the refusal of the land and the human beings appertaining to it, and at the same time to avert from the landholder the ruin consequent on dealings with usurers, the Government established an imperial loan bank, which made advances on mortgages of land, to the extent of two-thirds their value. The borrowers had to pay back, each year, three per cent. interest. If they failed to do this, the Crown returned them the instalments already paid, gave them the remaining third of the value of the property, and took possession of the land and its population. This was the first stage of freedom for the serfs. They became Crown peasants, held their dwellings and a bit of land as an hereditary fief from the Crown, and paid annually for the same a sum total of five rubles (about four shillings), for each male person; a rent for which, assuredly, in the whole of Germany, the very poorest farm is not to be had, to say nothing in consideration that in case of bad harvest, destruction, disease, &c., the Crown is bound to supply the strict necessities of its peasants, and to find them in daily bread, in the indispensable stock of cattle and seed-corn, to repair their habitations, and so forth.

By this arrangement, and in a short time, a considerable portion of the lands of the Russian nobility became the property of the State, and with it a large number of serfs became Crown peasants. This was the first and most important step towards opening the road to freedom to that majority of the Russian population which consists of slaves.

When in this manner the first ideas of liberty had been awakened in the people, the Emperor, in the exercise of his own unlimited and irresponsible power, took a second step, not less pregnant with consequences than the first. Unable suddenly to grant civil freedom to the serfs, he bestowed upon them, as a transition stage, certain civil rights. A ukase permitted them to enter into contracts. Thereby was accorded to them not only the right of possessing property, but the infinitely higher blessing of a legal recognition of their moral worth as men. Hitherto the serf was recognized by the state only as a sort of beast in human form.

He could hold no property, give no legal evidence, take no oath. No matter how eloquent his speech, he was dumb before the law. He might have treasures in his dwelling, the law knew him only as a pauper. His word and his honour were valueless, compared to those of the vilest freeman. In short, morally, he could not be said to exist. The Emperor Nicholas gave to the serfs, that vast majority of his subjects, the first sensations of moral worth, the first throb of self-respect, the first perception of the rights and dignity and duty of man? What professed friend of the people can boast to have done more, or yet so much, for as many millions of men?

But the Czar did not rest satisfied with this. Having given the serfs power to hold property, he taught them to prise the said property above all, in the interest of their freedom. It seems quite like a jest to speak thus of the "tyrant and bloody-minded man;" but I speak in all seriousness, and the facts are there to prove my words. The serf could not buy his own freedom, but he became free by the patch of soil to which he was linked. To such purchase the right of contract cleared his road. The lazy Russian, who worked with an ill will toward his master, doing as little as he could for the latter's profit, toiled day and night for his own advantage. Idleness was replaced by the diligent improvement of his farm, brutal drunkenness by frugality and sobriety; the earth, previously neglected, requited the unwonted care with its richest treasures. By the magic of industry, wretched hovels were transformed into comfortable dwellings, wildernesses into blooming fields, desolate steppes and deep morasses into productive land; whole communities, lately sunken in poverty, exhibited unmistakable signs of competency and well-doing. The serfs, now allowed to enter into contracts, lent the lord of the soil the money in which he often stood in need, on the same condition as the Crown, received in security the land they occupied, their own bodies, and the bodies of their wives and children. The nobleman preferred the serf's loan to the Government's loan, because, when pay-day came for the annual interest and instalment, the Crown, if he has not prepared to pay, took possession of his estate, having funds wherewith to pay the residue of its value. The parish of serfs, which had lent money to its owner, lacked these funds. Pay-day came, the debtor did not pay, but neither could the serfs produce the one third of the value of the land, which they must disburse to him in order to be free. Thus they lost their capital, and did not gain their freedom. But Nicholas lived! the father of his subjects.

Between the anxious debtor and the still more anxious creditor, now interposed an imperial ukase, which, in such cases, opened to the parishes of serfs the imperial treasury. Mark this; for it is worthy to be noted: the Russian imperial treasury was opened to the serfs, that they might purchase their freedom!

The Government might have simply released the creditors from their embarrassment by paying the debtor the one third still due him, and then land and tenants belong to the state. Nicholas did not adopt that course. He lent the serfs the money they needed to buy themselves from their master; and for this loan, (a third only of the value), they mortgaged themselves and their lands to the Crown, paid annually three per cent. interest, and three per cent. of the capital, and would thus, in about thirty years, become free, and proprietors of their land! That they would be able to pay off this third was evident, since to obtain its amount, they had still the same resources which enabled them to save up the two thirds already paid. Supposing, however, the very worst—that through inevitable misfortunes, such as pestilence, disease of cattle' &c., the were prevented from satisfying the rightful claims of the Crown, in that case the Crown paid them back the two thirds value which they had previously disbursed to their former owner, and they became a parish of crown peasants, whose lot, compared to their earlier one, was still enviable. But tot once in a hundred times do such cases occur, whilst, by the above plan, whole parishes gradually obtain their freedom, not by a sudden and violent change, which could not fail to have evil consequences, but in course of time, after a probation of labour, and frugality, and after thus attaining to the knowledge, that without these two great factors of true freedom, no liberty can possibly be durable.

### THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Bertram, the lime-burner, a rough and heavy looking man, begrimed with charcoal, sat watching his kiln at nightfall, while his little son played at building houses with the scattered fragments of marble, when, on the hill-side below them, they heard a roar of laughter, not mirthful, but slow, and even solemn, like a wind shaking the bows of the forest.

'Father, what is that?' asked the litttle boy, leaving his play, and pressing betwixt his father's knees.

'Oh, some reveller, I suppose,' answered the lime-burner; 'some merry fellow from the bar-room in the village, who dared not laugh loud enough within doors, lest he should blow the roof of the house off. So, here he is, shaking his jolly sides at the foot of Graylock.'

'But father,' said the child, more sensitive than the obtuse, middle-aged clown, 'he does not laugh like a man that is glad; so the noise frightens me!'

'Don't be a fool, child!' cried the father, gruffly; 'you will never make a man, I do believe; there is too much of your mother in you. I have known the rustling of a leaf to startle her. Hark, here comes that merry fellow now. You shall see that there is no harm in him.'

Bertram and his little son, while they were talking thus, sat watching the lime-kiln. It was a rude, round, tower-like structure, about twenty feet high, heavily built of rough stones, and with a hillock of earth heaped about the larger part of its circumference, so that the blocks and fragments of marble might be drawn by cart loads and thrown in at the top. There was an opening at the bottom of the tower, like an oven mouth, but large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture, and provided with a massive iron door. With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this door, which seemed to give admittance into the hill-side, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions, which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims.

There are many such lime-kilns in that tract of country, for the purpose of burning the white marble which composes a large part of the substance of the hills. Some of them, built years ago, and long deserted, with weeds growing in the vacant ground of the interior, which is open to the sky, and grass and wild flowers rooting themselves into the chinks of the stones, look already like relics of antiquity, and may yet be overspread with the lichens of centuries to come. Others, where the lime-burner still feeds his daily and nightlong fire, afford points of interest to the wanderer among the hills, who seats himself on a log of wood or a fragment of marble, to hold a chat with the solitary man. It is a lonesome, and when the character is inclined to thought, may be an intensely thoughtful occupation, as it proved in the case of Ethan Brand who had mused to some purpose, in days gone by, while the fire in this very kiln was burning.

The man who now watched the fire was of a different order, and troubled himself with no thoughts save the very few that were requisite to his business. At frequent intervals, he flung back the clashing weight of the iron door, and turning his face from the insufferable glare, thrust in huge logs of oak, or stirred the immense brands with a long pole. Within the furnace were seen the curling and riotous flames, and the burning marble, almost molten with the intensity of the heat; while without, the reflection of the fire quivered on the dark intricacy of the surrounding forest, and showed in the fore ground a bright and ruddy little picture of the hut, the spring beside its door, the athletic and coal-begrimmed figure of the lime burner, and the half-frightened child, shrinking into the protection of his father's shadow. And when again the iron door was closed, then re-appeared the tender light of the half-full moon, which vainly strove to trace out the indistinct shapes of the neighbouring mountains; and, in the upper sky, there was a flitting congregation of clouds, still faintly tinged with the rosy sunset, though this far down into the valley the sunshine had vanished long and long ago.

The little boy now crept still closer to his father, as footsteps were heard ascending the hill-side, and a human form thrust aside the bushes that clustered beneath the trees.

'Halloo! who is it?' cried the lime-burner, vexed at his son's timidity, yet half infected by it. 'Come forward and show yourself like a man, or I'll fling this chunk of marble at your head.

'You offer me a rough welcome,' said a gloomy voice, as the unknown man drew nigh; 'yet I neither claim nor desire a kinder one, even at my own fireside.'

To obtain a distincter view, Bertram threw open the iron door of the kiln, whence immediately issued a gush of fierce light that smote full upon the stranger's face and figure. To a careless eye there appeared nothing very remarkable in his aspect, which was that of a man in a coarse, brown, country-made suit of clothes, tall and thin, with the staff and heavy shoes of a wayfarer. As he advanced he fixed his eyes—which were very bright—intently upon the brightness of the furnace, as if he beheld, or expected to behold, some object worthy of note within it.

'Good evening, stranger,' said the lime-burner; 'whence come you so late in the day?'

'I come from my search,' answered the wayfarer, 'for, at last, is it finished.'

'Drunk or crazy!' muttered Bertram to himself. 'I shall have trouble with the fellow. The sooner I drive him away the better.'

The little boy, all in a tremble, whispered to his father, and begged him to shut the door of the kiln, so that there might not be so much light, for that there was something in the man's face which he was afraid to look at, yet could not look away from. And, indeed, even the lime-burner's dull and torpid sense began to be impressed with an indescribable something in that thin, rugged, thoughtful visage, with the grizzeled hair hanging wildly about it, and those deeply sunken eyes, which gleamed like fires within the entrance of a mysterious cavern—But, as he closed the door, the stranger turned toward him, and spoke in a quiet, familiar way that made Bertram feel as if he were a sane and sensible man after all.

'Your task draws to an end, I see,' said he. 'This marble has already been burning three days. A few hours more will convert the stone into lime.'

'Why, who are you?' exclaimed the lime-burner. 'You seem as well acquainted with my business as I am myself.'

'And well I may be,' said the stranger; 'for I followed the same craft many a long year, and here, too, on this very spot. But you are a new comer in these parts. Did you ever hear of Ethan Brand?'

'The man that went in search of the Unpardonable Sin?' asked Bertram with a laugh.

'The same,' answered the stranger. 'He has found what he sought, and therefore he comes back again.'

'What! then are you Ethan Brand himself?' cried the lime-burner in amazement. 'I am a new comer here, as you say, and they call it eighteen years since you left the foot of Graylock. But, I can tell you, the good folks still talk about Ethan Brand in the village yonder, and what a strange errand took him away from his lime-kiln. Well, and so you have found the Unpardonable Sin?'

'Even so,' said the stranger calmly.

'If the question is a fair one, proceeded Bartram, 'where might it be?'

Ethan Brand laid his finger on his own heart.

'Here!' replied he.

And then, without mirth in his countenance, but as if moved by an involuntary recognition of the infinite absurdity of seeking throughout the world for what was the closest of all things to himself, and looking into every heart, save his own, for what was hidden in no other breast, he broke into a laugh of scorn. It was the same slow heavy laugh that had almost appalled the lime-burner when it heralded the wayfarer's approach.

The solitary mountain side was made dismal by it. Laughter, when out of place, mistimed or bursting forth from a disordered state of feeling, may be the most terrible modulation of the human voice. The laughter of one asleep, even if it be a little child; the madman's laugh, or the wild screaming laugh of an idiot, are sounds that we sometimes tremble to hear, and would always willingly forget. Poets have imagined no utterance of fiends or hobgoblins so fearfully appropriate as a laugh. And even the obtuse lime-burner felt his nerves shake as this strange man looked inward at his own heart, and burst into laughter that rolled away in the night, and was indistinctly reverberated among the hills.

'Joe,' said he to his little son, 'scamper down to the tavern in the village, and tell the jolly fellows there that Ethan Brand has come back, and that he has found the Unpardonable Sin!'

The boy darted away on his errand, to which Ethan Brand made no objection, nor seemed hardly to notice it. He sat on a log of wood, looking steadfastly at the iron door of the kiln. When the child was out of sight, and the swift and light footstep ceased to be heard treading first on the fallen leaves and then on the rocky mountain path, the lime-burner began to regret his departure. He felt that the little fellow's presence had been a barrier between his guest and himself, and that he must now deal, heart to heart, with a man who, on his own confession, had committed the only one crime for which heaven could afford no mercy. That crime, in its indistinct blackness, seemed to overshadow him. The lime-burner's own sins rose up within him, and made his memory riotous with a throng of evil shapes that asserted their kindred with the master sin, whatever it might be, which it was within the scope of man's corrupted nature to conceive and cherish. They were all of one family; they went to and fro between his breast and Ethan Brand's, and carried dark greetings from one to the other.

Then Bertram remembered the stories which had grown traditionary in reference to this strange man, which had come upon him like a shadow of a night, and was making himself at home in his old place, after so long absence that the dead people, dead and buried for years, would have had more right to be at home in any familiar spot than he. Ethan Brand, it was said, had conversed with Satan himself in the lurid blaze of this very kiln. The legend had been matter of mirth heretofore, but looked grimly now. According to this tale, before Ethan had departed on his search, he had been accustomed to evoke a fiend from the hot furnace of the lime kiln, night after night, in order to confer with him about the Unpardonable Sin; the man and the fiend, each labouring to frame the image of some mode of guilt which could neither be atoned for nor forgiven. And, with the first gleam of light upon the mountain top, the fiend crept in at the iron door, there to abide the intensest element of fire, until again summoned forth to share in the dreadful task of extending man's possible guilt beyond the scope of Heaven's else infinite mercy.

While the lime burner was struggling with the horrors of these thoughts, Ethan Brand rose from the log and flung open the door of the kiln. The action was in such accordance with the idea in Bertram's mind that he almost expected to see the evil one issue forth red hot from the raging furnace.

'Hold, hold!' cried he, with a tremulous attempt to laugh, for he was ashamed of his fears, although they overmastered him. 'Don't, for mercy's sake, bring out your devil now!'

'Man!' sternly replied Ethan Brand, 'what need have I of the devil? I have left him far behind me on my track. It is with such half-way sinners as you that he busies himself. Fear not because I open the door. I do but act by old custom, and am going to trim your fire like a lime burner, as I was once.'

He stirred the vast coals, thrust in more wood, and bent forward to gaze into the hollow prison-house of fire, regardless of the fierce glow that reddened upon his face. The lime-burner sat watching him, and half suspected his strange guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man. Ethan Brand, however, drew quietly back, and closed the door of the kiln.

'I have looked,' said he, 'into many a human heart that was seven times hotter with sinful passion than your furnace is with fire. But I found not there what I sought. No, not the Unpardonable Sin!'

'What is the Unpardonable Sin?' asked the lime burner, and then he shrank further from his companion, trembling lest his question should be answered.

'It is a sin that grew within my own breast,' replied Ethan Brand, standing erect, with a pride that distinguishes all enthusiasts of his stamp; 'a sin that grew no where else! The sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims! The only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony! Freely, were it to do again, would I incur the guilt. Unshrinkingly I accept the retribution!'

'The man's head is turned,' muttered the lime burner to himself. 'He may be a sinner like the rest of us, nothing more likely, but I'll be sworn he's a madman too.'

Nevertheless, he felt very uncomfortable at his situation, alone with Ethan Brand on the wild mountain side, and was right glad to hear the rough murmur of tongues, and footsteps of what seemed a pretty numerous party stumbling over the stones and rustling through the under-brush. Soon appeared the whole lazy regiment that was wont to invest the village tavern, comprehending three or four individuals who had drank flip beside the bar-room fire through all the winters, and smoked their pipes beneath the stoop through all the summers, since Ethan Brand's departure. Laughing boisterously, and mingling all their voices together in unceremonious talk, they now burst into the moonshine and narrow streaks of fire light that illuminated the open space before the lime-kiln. Bertram set the door ajar again, flooding the spot with light, that the whole company might get a fair view of Ethan Brand, and he of them.

There, among other old acquaintances, was a once ubiquitous man, now almost extinct, but whom we were formerly sure to encounter at the hotel of every thriving village throughout the country. It was the stage agent. The present specimen of the genus was a wilted and smoke-dried man, wrinkled and red nosed, in a smartly cut brown bob tailed coat, with brass buttons, who, for a length of time unknown, had kept his desk and corner in the bar-room, and was still puffing what seemed to be the same cigar that he had lighted twenty years ago. He had great fame as a dry joker, though, perhaps, less on account of any intrinsic humour, than from a certain flavour of brandy toddy and tobacco smoke which impregnated all his ideas and expressions, as well as his person.

Another well remembered, though strangely altered face was that of Lawyer Giles, as people still called him in courtesy—an elderly ragamuffin, in his soiled shirt sleeves and tow-linen trousers. The poor fellow had been attorney in what he called his better days—a sharp practitioner, and in great vogue among the village litigants; but flip, and sling, and toddy, and cock-tails imbibed at all hours—morning noon and night—had caused him to slide from intellectual to various kinds and degrees of bodily labour, till at last, to adopt his own phrase, he slid into a soap vat In other words, Giles was now a soap boiler in a small way. He had come to be but the fragment of a human being—a part of one foot having been chopped off by an axe, and and an entire hand torn away by the devilish grip of a steam-engine. Yet, though the corporeal hand was gone, a spiritual member remained; for stretching forth the stump, Giles steadfastly averred that he felt an invisible thumb and finger with as vivid a sensation as before the real one was amputated. A maimed and miserable wretch he was; but one nevertheless whom the world could not trample, and had no right to scorn, either in this or any previous stage of his misfortunes, since he had still kept up the courage and spirit of a man, asked nothing in charity, and with his one hand—and that the left one—fought in stern battle against want and hostile circumstances.

Among the throng, too, came another personage, who, with certain points of similarity to Lawyer Giles, had many more of difference. It was the village doctor, a man of some fifty years, whom, at an earlier period of his life, we should have introduced as paying a professional visit to Ethan Brand during the latter's supposed insanity. He was now a purpled visaged, rude and brutal, yet half gentlemanly figure, with something wild, ruined and desperate in his talk, and in all the details of his gesture and manners. Brandy possessed this man like an evil spirit and made him as surly and savage as a wild beast, and as miserable as a lost soul; but there was supposed to be in him such wonderful skill, such native gifts of healing, beyond any which medical science could impart, that society caught hold of him, and would not let him sink out of its reach. So, swaying to and fro on his horse, and grumbling thick accents at the bedside, he visited all the sick chambers for miles about among the mountain towns, and sometimes raised a dying man, as it were by a miracle, or quite as often, no doubt, sent his patient to a grave that was dug many a year too soon. The doctor had an everlasting pipe in his mouth; and as somebody said in allusion to his habit of swearing, it was always a light with hell fire.

These three worthies pressed forward, and greeted Ethan Brand each after his own fashion, earnestly inviting him to partake of the contents of a certain black bottle, in which, as they averred, he would find something far better worth seeking for than the Unpardonable Sin. No mind which has wrought itself by intense and solitary meditation, into a high state of enthusiasm, can endure this kind of contact with low and vulgar modes of thought and feeling to which Ethan Brand was now subjected. It made him doubt, and, strange to say, it was a painful doubt, whether he had indeed found the Unpardonable Sin, and found it within himself. The whole question on which he had exhausted life, and more than life, looked like a delusion.

'Leave me,' he said, bitterly, 'ye brute beasts, that have made yourselves so, shrivelling up your souls with fiery liquors! I have done with you. Years and years ago I groped into your hearts and found nothing there for my purpose. Get ye gone!'

'Why, you uncivil scoundrel,' cried the fierce doctor, 'is that the way you respond to the kindness of your best friends? Then let me tell you the truth. You have no more found the Unpardonable Sin than yonder boy Joe has. You are but a crazy fellow. I told you so twenty years ago; neither better nor worse than a crazy fellow, and the fit companion of old Humphrey, here.'

He pointed to an old man, shabbily dressed, with long white hair, thin visage and unsteady eyes. For some years past this aged person had been wandering about among the hills, inquiring of all travellers whom he met for his daughter. The girl, it seemed, had gone off with a company of circus performers, and occasionally tidings of her came to the village, and fine stories were told of her glittering appearance as she rode on horseback in the ring or performed marvelous feats on the tight-rope.

The white haired father now approached Ethan Brand, and gased unstedily into his face.

'They tell me you have been all over the earth,' said he, wringing his hands with earnestness. 'You must have seen my daughter, for she makes a great figure in the world, and everybody goes to see her. Did she send any word to her old father, or say when she is coming back?'

Ethan Brand's eye quailed beneath the old man's. That daughter from whom he so earnestly desired a word of greeting, Ethan Brand had made the subject of a psychological experiment, and wasted, and perhaps annihilated her soul in the process.

'Yes,' murmured he, turning away from the hoary wanderer, 'it is no delusion. There is an Unpardonable Sin!'

While these things were passing, a merry scene was going forward in the area of a cheerful light, beside the spring, and before the door of the hut.

A number of the youth of the village, young men and girls, had hurried up the hill side, impelled by curiosity to see Ethan Brand, the hero of so many a legend familiar to their childhood. Finding nothing, however, very remarkable in his aspect—nothing but a sunburnt wayfarer, in plain garb and dusty shoes, who sat looking into the fire, as if he fancied pictures among the coals, these young people speedily grew tired of observing him. As it happened, there was other amusement at hand. An old German Jew, travelling with a diorama on his back, was passing down the mountain road toward the village just as the party turned aside from it; and, in the hopes of eking out the profits of the day, the showman had kept them company to the lime-kiln.

'Come, old Dutchman,' cried one of the young men, 'let us see your pictures, if you can swear they are worth looking at.'

'Oh, yes, captain,' answered the Jew—whether as a matter of courtesy or craft, he styled everybody captain—'I shall show you, indeed, some very superb pictures!'

So, placing the box in a proper position, he invited the young men and girls to look through the glass orifices of the machine, and proceeded to exhibit a series of the most outrageous scratchings and daubings, as specimens of the fine arts, that ever an itinerant showman had the face to impose upon his circle of spectators. The pictures were worn out, moreover—tattered, full of cracks and wrinkles, dingy with tobacco smoke, and otherwise in a most pitiable condition. Some purported to be the cities, public edifices, and ruined castles in Europe; others represented Napoleon's battles and Nelson's sea fights; and in the midst of these might be seen a gigantic, brown, hairy hand, which might have been mistaken for the hand of Destiny, though in truth it was only the showman pointing his forefinger to various scenes of the conflict, while its owner gave historical illustrations. When, with much merriment at its abominable deficiency of merit, the exhibition was concluded, the German bade little Joe put his head into the box. Viewed through the magnifying glasses, the boy's round rosy visage assumed the strangest immaginable aspect of an immense Titanic child, the mouth grinning broadly, and the eyes and every other feature overflowing with fun at the joke. Suddenly, however, that merry face turned pale, and its expression turned to horror, for this easily impressed and excitable child had become sensible that the eyes of Ethan Brand was fixed upon him through the glass.

'You make the little man to be afraid, captain,' said the German Jew, turning up the dark and strong outline of his visage from his stooping posture. 'But look again, and, by chance, I shall cause you to see something that is very fine, upon my word!'

Ethan Brand gazed into the box for an instant, and then, starting back, looked fixedly at the German. What had he seen? Nothing, apparently; for a curious youth, who had peeped in almost at the same moment, beheld only a vacant space of canvas.

'I remember you, now,' muttered Ethan Brand to the showman.

'Ah, captain,' whispered the Jew of Nuremburgh, with a dark smile, 'I find it to be a heavy matter in my show-box—this Unpardonable Sin! By my faith, captain, it has wearied my shoulders this day to carry it over the mountain.'

'Peace!' answered Ethan Brand, sternly, 'or get thee into the furnace yonder.'

The Jew's exhibition had scarcely concluded, when a great elderly dog—who seemed to be his own master, as no person in the company laid claim to him—saw fit to render himself the object of public notice. Hitherto he had shown himself as a very quiet, well disposed old dog, going round from one to another, and, by way of being sociable, offering his rough head to be patted by any kindly hand that would take so much trouble. But now, all of a sudden, this grave and venerable quadruped, of his own mere motion, and without the slightest suggestion from anybody else, began to run round after his tail, which, to heighten the absurdity of the scene, was a great deal shorter than it should have been. Never was seen such headlong eagerness in pursuit of an object that could not possibly be attained; never was heard such a tremendous outbreak of growling, snarling, barking and snapping, as if one end of the ridiculous brute's body were at deadly and most unforgiveable enmity with the other. Faster and faster round about went the cur, and faster and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail, and louder and fiercer grew his yells of rage and animosity, until utterly exhausted, and as far from the goal as ever, the foolish old dog ceased his performance as suddenly as he had begun it. The next moment he was as quiet, mild, sensible, and respectable in his deportment as when he first scraped acquaintance with the company.

As may be supposed, the exhibition was greeted with universal laughter, clapping of hands, and shouts of 'Encore!' to which the canine performer responded by wagging all that there was to wag of his tail, but appeared totally unable to repeat his very successful effort to amuse the spectators.

Meanwhile, Ethan Brand had resumed his seat upon the log, and moved, it might be, by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of this self-pursuing cur, he broke into the awful laugh which, more than any other token, expressed the condition of his inward being. And at that moment the merriment of the party was at an end; they stood about, dreading lest the inauspicious sound should be reverberated around the horizon, and that mountain would thunder it to mountain, and so the sound be prolonged upon their ears. Then, whispering to one another that it was late; that the moon was almost down; that the August night was growing chill, they hurried homewards, leaving the lime-burner and little Joe to deal as they might with their unwelcome guest. Save for these three human beings, the open space on the hill-side was a solitude, set in a vast gloom of forest. Beyond that darksome verge, the fire-lights glimmered on the stately trunks and almost black foliage of pines, intermixed with the lighter verdure of sapling oaks, maples and poplars, while here and there lay the gigantic copses of trees, decaying on the leaf-strewn soil. And it seemed to little Joe—a timorous and imaginative child—that the silent forest was holding its breath until some fearful thing should happen.

Ethan Brand thrust more wood into the fire, and closed the door of the kiln; then looking over his shoulder at the lime-burner and his son, he bade, rather than advised, them to retire to rest.

'For myself, I cannot sleep,' said he; 'I have matters that it concerns me to meditate upon. I will watch the fire, as I used to do in the old time.'

'And call the devil out of the furnace to keep you company, I suppose,' muttered Bertram, who had been making intimate acquaintance with the black bottle above mentioned. 'But watch if you like, and call as many devils as you like! For my part, I shall be all the better for a snooze. Come, Joe!'

As the boy followed his father into the hut, he looked back at the wayfarer, and tears came into his eyes, for his tender spirit had an intuition of the bleak and terrible loneliness in which this man had enveloped himself.

When they were gone, Ethan Brand sat listening to the crackling of the kindled wood, and looking at the spirits of fire that issued through the chinks of the door. These trifles, however, once so familiar, had but the slightest hold of his attention, while deep within his mind he was reviewing the gradual but marvelous change that had been wrought upon him by the search to which he had devoted himself. He remembered how the night dew had fallen upon him; how the dark forest had whispered to him; how the stars had gleamed upon him, a simple and loving man, watching his fire in the years gone by, and even musing as it burned. He remembered with what tenderness, with what love and sympathy for mankind, and what pity for human guilt and woe, he had first begun to contemplate those ideas which afterwards became the inspiration of his life; with what reverence he had then looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally divine, and, however desecrated, still to be held sacred by a brother; with what awful fear he had deprecated his pursuit, and prayed that the Unpardonable Sin might never be revealed to him. Then ensued that vast intellectual development, which, in its progress, disturbed the counterpoise between his mind and heart.

The idea that possessed his life had operated as a means of education; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered labourer to stand on a star-light laden eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth, with the lore of the universe might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That indeed, had withered, had contracted, had hardened, had perished! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and at length converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degress of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort, and inevitable development—as the bright and gorgeous flower, and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labour—he had discovered the Unpardonable Sin.

'What more have I to seek? What more to achieve?' said Ethan Brand to himself. 'My task is done, and well done!"

Starting from the log with a certain alacrity in his gait, and ascending the hillock of earth that was raised against the stone circumference of the lime-kiln, he thus reached the top of the structure. It was a space of perhaps ten feet across, from edge to edge, presenting a view of the upper surface of the immense mass of broken marble with which the kiln was heaped. All these innumerable blocks and fragments of marble were red-hot and vividly on fire, sending up great spouts of blue flame, which quivered aloft and danced madly, as within a magic circle, and sank and rose again, with continual and multitudinous activity. As the lonely man bent forward over this terrible body of fire, the blasting heat smote up against his person with a breath that, it might be supposed, would have scorched and shrivelled him up in a moment.

Ethan Brand stood erect, and raised his arms on high. The blue flame played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited his expression; it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into his gulf of intensest torment.

'O, Mother Earth,' cried he, 'who art no more my mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved? O, mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! O, stars of heaven, that shone on me of old, as if to light me onward and upward! Farewell all, and forever! Come, deadly element of fire, henceforth my familiar friend! Embrace me as I do thee!'

That night the sound of a fearful peal of laughter rolled heavily through the sleep of the lime-burner and his little son; dim shapes of horror and anguish haunted their dreams, and seemed still present in the rude hovel when they opened their eyes to the daylight.

'Up boy, up!' cried the lime-burner, staring about him. 'Thank Heaven, the night is gone at last; and rather than pass another such, I would watch my lime-kiln, wide awake, for a twelvemonth. This Ethan Brand, with his humbug of an Unpardonable Sin, has done me no such mighty favour in taking my place.

He issued from the hut, followed by little Joe, who kept fast hold of his father's hand. The early sunshine was already pouring its gold upon the mountain tops, and though the valleys were still in shadow, they smiled cheerfully in the promise of the bright day that was hastening onward. The village completely shut in by hills, which swelled away gently about it, looked as if it had rested peacefully in the hollow of the great hand of Providence. Each dwelling was distinctly visible; the little spires of the two churches pointed upward, and caught a fore-glimmering of brightness from the sun-gilt skies upon their weather cocks. The tavern was astir, and the figure of the old smoke-dried stage agent, cigar in mouth, was seen beneath the stoop. Old Graylock was glorified with a golden cloud upon his head. Scattered likewise upon the breasts of the surrounding mountains there were heaps of hoary mists, in fantastic shapes, some of them far down into the valley, others high up towards the summits, and still others of the same family of mist and clouds, hovering in the gold radiance of the upper atmosphere. Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in the air, it seemed almost as if mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a day dream to look at it.

To supply that charm of the familiar and homely which nature so readily adopts into a scene like this, the stage-coach was rattling down the mountain road, and the driver sounding his horn, while each caught up the notes and interwined them into a rich and varied and elaborate harmony, of which the original performer could lay claim to little share. The great hills played a concert among themselves, each contributing a strain of airy sweetness.

Little Joe's face brightened at once.

'Dear father,' cried he, skipping cheerily to and fro, 'that strange man is gone, and the sky and the mountains all seem glad of it!'

'Yes,' growled the lime-burner, with an oath, 'but he has let the fire go down, and no thanks to him, if five hundred bushels of lime are not spoilt. If I catch the fellow hereabouts again, I shall feel like tossing him into the furnace!'

With his long pole in his hand, he ascended to the top of the kiln. After a moments pause, he called to his son:

'Come up here, Joe!' said he.

So little Joe ran up the hillock and stood by his father's side. The marble was burnt into perfect, snow-white lime. But, on its surface, in the midst of the circle—snow-white too, and thoroughly converted into lime—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lies down to a long repose. Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart.

'Was the fellow's heart made of marble?' cried Bertram, in some perplexity at this phenomenon. 'At any rate, it is burnt into what is called special good lime; and, taking all the bones together, my kiln is half a bushel the richer by him.'

So saying, the rude lime-burner lifted his pole and letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumbled into fragments.—(*London*) *Illustrated News.*

Unlettered men are not always the most ignorant, nor learned men always wise.

### THE VOLUNTARY CORRESPONDENT.

* * * * Before we can possibly go to the printer's we have to dispose (as we know to our cost) of our Voluntary Correspondent. We will give our readers some account of him in his most irrational aspect.

His name is Legion. He writes everything—on every description of paper, and with every conceivable and inconceivable quality of illegible